

LESLIE'S WEEKLY



Height of the Swimming Season—Gymnasium Boat-house on the Ohio River

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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Thursday, July 28, 1904

The Real Test of Parker's Courage.

EVERY HYSTERICAL Democratic and mugwump boomer is lauding Judge Parker as, to use the New York Evening Post's phrase, "a man at last." That one should be discovered in the Democratic party is, to be sure, a proper subject of felicitation, but as one swallow does not make a summer, so one safe and sane Democrat does not make a party. The Republican party cannot offer the spectacle of discovering "safe and sane" candidates, for they already exist, and if fifty or one hundred should be added to its ranks it would occasion no comment.

Judge Parker is acclaimed as a "hero" on the proposition that he would "rather be right than be President," but it might better be said of him that he would rather be "regular" than right. If this alternative proposition is not correct, why did he vote in two successive elections for a free-silver candidate, while he is now appealing to the votes of that class of Democrats who bolted their party when he was "regular"?

His party in the State of New York a few months ago ignored the money platform without a word of protest from him. Why does Judge Parker, after all the mystery of his opinions, after the denial by his agent and spokesman in the platform committee, Senator Hill, at St. Louis, of any knowledge of the candidate's views on monetary questions, work himself up into an eleventh-hour state of wrath? Isn't it easy to see why? Because, with all the warring factions in the Democratic party, a man of pronounced convictions on the gold standard could not have been nominated.

The vote of two to one against gold in the platform committee showed the real temper of the Democratic party, and Judge Parker's managers knew it, and everybody who thinks knows that Senator Hill, experienced and astute as he is, did not dare to announce or admit his candidate's monetary views, well knowing that such a course would mean Parker's elimination from the list of available candidates. The policy of silence and secrecy prevailed at St. Louis, Parker was nominated, and it was then too late for the convention to stultify itself, and Parker knew it. So, having the nomination in hand, but seeing that it was under conditions that would not appeal to the sound-money voters of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, upon which his only hope of success must rest, he played a trump card and bid for these votes, knowing full well that all Democratic free-silver States were for him, any way.

The first impulse of the people was to recognize in Judge Parker, after his gold telegram to St. Louis, not the subservient creature that his eloquent sponsor, Mr. Littleton, who nominated him in the convention, made him out to be, a man who, to get the nomination, promised to stand on the platform as a servant and not as a boss of the party, but to regard him as an independent, heroic figure. But when one studies Judge Parker's career as known to his friends as that of a clever politician, one sees in his silence on the New York platform and the St. Louis platform only a purpose to clinch the nomination. His sudden and pyrotechnic display of civic virtue in his telegram to St. Louis was a bid for the votes of States that he had to have

to make his nomination anything more than an empty honor.

Judge Parker puts expediency ahead of principle, else he would not have supported a free-silver candidate for President twice, and he would have declared himself frankly and openly, so that his sponsor at St. Louis, Senator Hill, would not have said in the platform committee conference, with no one to correct him, that Judge Parker's views on monetary matters were unknown to him!

The End of the Nebraska Howler.

THE WORST drubbing any political leader has received was administered to the twice-defeated Democratic presidential candidate from Nebraska, at the recent national convention at St. Louis. The shouts of his friends packed by him into the galleries found no responsive echo among the delegates. The Nebraska spellbinder, who has accumulated a quarter of a million dollars since he hypnotized and hoodooed the Democracy, insisted on keeping to the front, and adroitly managed to get the platform at the close of each debate. At the close of the prolonged convention, when he undertook to override the party's leaders who were eager to accept the dictum of their presidential candidate on the money question, patience ceased to be a virtue. The Democratic leader of the House, Mr. Williams, turning to the free-silver fakir, challenged him to rise, if he dare, and declare that free silver was an issue in this campaign. The Nebraska howler kept silent, and his cowardice turned the entire audience against him. When he rose to speak, not only the delegates, but the auditors in the galleries, demanded the "question," and refused to hear further from the man from Nebraska. Confused, dazed, and beaten, he surrendered and withdrew. The announcement is now made that he proposes, as soon as election is over, to organize his own Democratic party. That is precisely what we have predicted he would do. He has made a fortune out of the publicity he has sought, and, without publicity, would disappear from view as effectually as a snake that crawls into his hole. The best wish of the Republican party is that the free-silver howler will stump the Eastern States for Parker, and thus effectually remove them from the doubtful list, if any of them are on it.

Civil Service and Retrenchment.

IT ALL becomes the Democratic press to denounce President Roosevelt as responsible for the large expenditures, for public purposes, authorized by a Republican Congress! We are among those who believe that the expenses of a great and growing country must naturally, properly, and honestly increase. But that is not the side of the question that we now propose to discuss. We simply call attention to the fact that the advocates of retrenchment have far more to expect from President Roosevelt than from any Democrat now in sight.

No President has ever set his face more earnestly against improper and unnecessary expenditures in every department than Mr. Roosevelt. His warfare against those in his own party who have abused their privileges or forgotten their duty as government officials, to advantage themselves or their friends, has been fearless, vigorous, and unrelenting. Every official of his own selection, with scarcely an exception, has been chosen, first of all with regard to fitness, capacity, and honesty, and the President's attitude toward civil-service reform, from the time he entered public life, has been unvaryingly firm and friendly. He has done more than any other advocate of that reform to educate the public up to the belief that the reform is not a fad, or a fever, but a practical, effective method of correcting the gravest abuses and grossest extravagances in the public service.

Step by step, in spite of the bitterest, most unrelenting, and unfair opposition of political leaders, the reform movement has continued its progress, until now it is safe to say that a majority of all the people realize that the highest hope of good government lies in the purification of the public service, and that this can only be accomplished by basing the test for public appointment on the merit system. The cause of civil-service reform has advanced, too, by reason of the growing knowledge—the result of practical experience—that the civil-service law has opened the door of opportunity to all who seek coveted places of honor and emolument, heretofore the prey and the play of spoils-men only.

In this connection it is proper to refer to the statement of Congressman Hay, of Virginia, on the floor of the House, that President Roosevelt had made more irregular appointments to the classified service than any of his predecessors. Former Civil Service Commissioner Foulke, in answering this accusation, emphasizes the President's effective and faithful service in the interests of civil-service reform. His statement shows that there have been fewer appointments without competitive examination under Mr. Roosevelt than under any other President, and that there has been no administration since the passage of the civil-service act in which the competitive system has advanced with greater rapidity and certainty.

Mr. Foulke says that out of over seventy thousand appointments to the competitive service since Mr. Roosevelt became President, in only thirty-three was it deemed necessary to require a non-competitive examination. These cases comprised a steward in the

White House, a coachman in the Navy Department, and other appointments where, on account of special reasons, the application of the rules was impracticable, unjust, or unnecessary. Mr. Foulke points out the important fact that in all these instances the person was accepted and not the position. Under previous administrations the rules had been changed so as to permanently except entire classes of positions, and not the single individual, from competitive examinations.

President Roosevelt has added to the classified service the enormous and unprecedented total of thirty thousand places. At the very beginning of his administration he extended the number of competitive positions and strengthened the civil-service rules. All this is history, and we refer to it again to strengthen the logic of the argument that those who are seeking a clean, honest, and economical public administration will best advance their purpose by sustaining the demand for civil-service reform, and they can do this most vigorously by upholding the hands of its ablest advocate and strongest supporter, President Roosevelt.

The Plain Truth.

THE KILLING of men by mistake for wild game has begun early in the Adirondacks this year, adding an element to the sport which detracts very seriously from its fascinations for sober-minded persons. It is difficult to speak in a tone of moderation of "accidents" which are born of criminal recklessness, or to know what to suggest as a preventive measure, except the exclusion from the hunting grounds of all persons whose nervous temperament and common sense are alike of a shaky and dubious kind. It may go without saying that a man who is not dangerously near a fool or a lunatic would refrain from shooting at objects of whose character or identity he is not certain. Even a soldier roaming in an enemy's country would be more careful of his fire than that.

IT HAS BEEN our contention for years that the use of street-cars and elevated railway coaches for general advertising purposes was a use entirely foreign to the purposes for which public transportation companies were designed, and an outright violation of their charter privileges. Furthermore, we have held that such methods of advertising worked a grave injustice to legitimate advertising interests that have not the advantage of pushing their business under the valuable privileges accorded by a public franchise. We are pleased to find opinions in accord with these views expressed by the Chicago Journal. In an editorial relative to the negotiations pending between the city authorities of Chicago and the traction companies, the question of advertising in the street-cars is referred to as follows: "This may seem an unimportant and trivial detail, but it is in reality a matter which affects the interests of several thousand persons engaged in legitimate advertising business in Chicago. These persons can conceive of no legal or moral reason why a public-utility corporation, engaged in the transportation of passengers, should be permitted to enter into competition with private citizens and concerns engaged in a legitimate business. And this view of the case is a sound one. Street-railway corporations have no more right to use their cars for advertising purposes than they have to establish restaurants, buffets, or cigar stands on their cars. The principle is the same, and the injury to private interests is the same." This sums up the case for the legitimate advertiser in a judicial and unanswerable way. Public transportation companies usually derive sufficient profits from their regular business to make it wholly unnecessary for them to abuse their charter privileges and invade fields where they trespass on the rights of others.

THAT INDEPENDENT journal, the Springfield Republican, administers a sharp rebuke to the New York newspapers who assailed Senator Hill for alleged cowardice in yielding to the free-silverites of the Democratic platform committee at St. Louis, who, by a vote of over two to one, shelved the gold plank. These papers said that if Hill had fought the issue in the convention he would have won. The Republican says: "Fairness compels us to say that in a struggle in open convention the presenters of a minority report, demanding the open recognition of the gold standard, would probably have been beaten, in the face of a majority report recommending the convention to ignore the question entirely. Such a defeat would have been far more demoralizing than the compromise to which the committee on resolutions finally consented with unanimity, and such a defeat also would have endangered Parker's nomination." Observers of the convention's proceedings realize that the task of the sound-money Democrats, led by Senator Hill, was almost unaccomplishable. The rank and file of the Democracy clings to its idols, no matter how disreputable and discreditable they may be, and Eastern Democrats who made the fight for sound money deserve praise rather than blame. For some reason, Senator Hill seemed to be the special target of the New York newspapers. It was said that he had suppressed a dispatch from Judge Parker, but both Judge Parker and Mr. Sheehan promptly stamped this as a falsehood. It was also said that Judge Parker had demanded of Hill that the financial plank of the platform be strengthened, and that Hill failed to obey instructions. This is what Parker should have done, but it was what he did not do. The attacks on Hill, no doubt, were animated by Tammany Hall, whose leaders have close affiliations with the political managers of some of New York's great dailies.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

AN EXCELLENT choice has been made in the appointment of United States Attorney-General



HON. PHILANDER C. KNOX, Who succeeds the late Mr. Quay in the United States Senate.

Knox to the seat left vacant in the United States Senate by the death of Matthew Stanley Quay. The preferment of Mr. Knox is said to have come as a great surprise to many Pennsylvania politicians, but it will be none the less welcome to the people of the Keystone State. Mr. Knox has made a fine record as Attorney-General, is a man of unimpeachable integrity, a stainless character, and in every way worthy of the esteem and confidence of the people. He is, with all the rest, a staunch and

loyal Republican, in thorough sympathy with the policy of the present administration at Washington, and an able advocate of Republican principles generally. His appointment is particularly pleasing to President Roosevelt, for between him and Mr. Knox the most cordial and confidential relations have existed. Previous to his acceptance of a Cabinet appointment in 1901, Mr. Knox had held only one public office, that of assistant United States district-attorney at Pittsburg, a post which he resigned after one year. He is a native of the Iron City, and had built up a large and profitable law practice there before entering upon official life at Washington.

OVER AGAINST the idle, frivolous, useless lives led by so many women of wealth and fashion, may be placed in shining and grateful contrast the career chosen by Miss Margaret Ridgeley, the daughter of a wealthy and aristocratic Baltimore family. Miss Ridgeley has recently determined to leave her beautiful estates, her friends, her home, and everything she holds dear, and in the character of a missionary go to Liberia to labor in the interest of the negro's advancement on his native heath. The Ridgeleys were among the largest slave-holders before the war, and it is said that no family contributed more toward the hoped-for success of the Confederacy than Margaret Ridgeley's father and uncles. Miss Ridgeley will not only devote her time to the blacks, but will utilize much of her wealth to aid in the work. The marvelous development expected during the present century in Africa will largely be due to devoted friends of humanity like this cultured young woman of the South.

THE COMMISSION composed of natives of the Philippine Islands, which has lately been making a tour of observation in the United States, has reaped some good results from its long journey. While its members have laid in many new ideas concerning the greatness and progressiveness of this country, they have also, wherever they have appeared, increased the respect of Americans for the people of our far-off Pacific islands. These visitors include some of the ablest and most influential men in the Philippines, and their trip should bear fruit in a better understanding between Americans and Filipinos, and in an impetus to the advancement of the latter. But in effecting these desiderata it may well be that a single honorary member of the commission may prove to be its most potent factor. Señora Victorine Mapa, the accomplished wife of the associate justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippines, accompanied her distinguished husband on his trip, and added greatly by her grace and charm to the good impression made by the commissioners. Señora Mapa is the first lady from the Philippines to be received by the President of the United States at the White House. She is a leader in Philippine society and a power among her people. Through her high social standing she can do much to shape for good the relations of her country



SEÑORA VICTORINE MAPA, First Filipino lady received at the White House. Copyright, 1904, by G. V. Buck.

and ours, and she will doubtless use her influence in the right direction.

A PRESIDENTIAL election in the Argentine Republic is an event whose significance is steadily increasing, for that progressive country is continually growing in population and prosperity, and is yearly extending its trade relations with other lands. By the will of the Argentine people, and the almost unanimous vote of the electors, Dr. Manuel Quintana was recently chosen as the successor of General Julio A. Roca, whose second term as President will expire in October, and under whose administration the nation has thrived to a remarkable degree. General Roca, who is an able and progressive statesman, has governed efficiently and well, one of the especially good things with which he is credited being the conclusion of an important treaty of amity with Chili. President-elect Quintana is expected to continue the wise policies of General Roca, and thus the republic is assured of unchecked advancement for another six years, the length of a presidential term in Argentina. Dr. Quintana, who is sixty years of age, is a statesman of general popularity, of great ability, and of the highest integrity. He is the leading lawyer of Argentina, and during the presidency of Saenz-Peño he served acceptably as minister of the interior. Although he has held few offices, he has long been prominent in political life and is thoroughly conversant with public affairs.

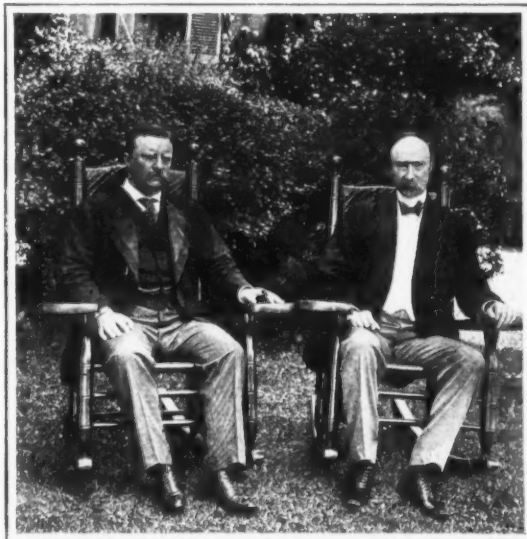


GENERAL JULIO A. ROCA, President of the prosperous Argentine Republic.

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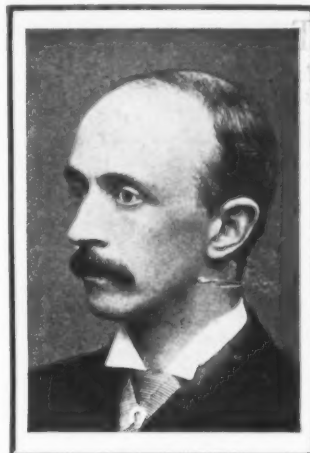
DR. MANUEL QUINTANA, President-elect of the Argentine Republic.



ROOSEVELT AND FAIRBANKS AT OYSTER BAY. From copyright stereoscopic photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

SELDOM IS a picture printed so interesting as the accompanying photograph, which shows the statesmen whose names are on the Republican national ticket sitting together on the lawn of Sagamore Hill, the Roosevelt home at Oyster Bay, L. I. These two men, now most prominent in the people's eye, present noteworthy points of contrast. One is from the East, and was born to the advantages of wealth, which he utilized most worthily; the other is from the West, and wrought his way upward from poverty to success and riches. President Roosevelt is comparatively short and quite stout; Senator Fairbanks is tall and somewhat angular. The President is still a young man, and the Senator is his senior by several years, though in his very prime. The President is positive and aggressive; the Vice-President-to-be is cautious and calm. One is a magnetic popular leader; the other is the embodiment of senatorial dignity and courtesy. Yet, unlike in many respects as these eminent Americans are, they have certain traits in common that render them harmonious allies in the great political contest. Each is a man of pronounced and proved ability; each in his private conduct has been stainless and up to the highest American standard, and each has had a large experience and made an honorable record in public life. Moreover, each is a zealous advocate of good government and is devoted to the grand principles of the Republican party, under whose administrations the nation has achieved its marvelous and unprecedented progress.

EARL GREY, who is announced to succeed the Earl of Minto as Governor-General of Canada when the latter's term expires, in October, is one of the most notable men in the present British peerage, and has made himself known to the world in several conspicuous ways—as a financier, a philanthropist, and an industrial promoter. He was associated with the late Cecil Rhodes in the development of South Africa, and is executor of the will under which the Rhodes scholarships are assigned. At various times he has been concerned in the river tunnels of New York, having interests in the Hudson River tunnel in its earlier stage and with a tunnel that was planned from the city hall, Manhattan, to the Flatbush Avenue station, Brooklyn, a project that apparently has fallen through. Earl Grey is also widely known among temperance workers at home and abroad as the projector of the scheme known as the Public-house Trust Company, by which it is proposed to mitigate the evils of saloons by turning them, so far as possible, into decent resorts, and making the sale of strong drink a secondary feature and without profit. The earl is in the prime of life, and may be trusted to give our neighbor on the north a vigorous and progressive administration. He is a brother-in-law to the Earl of Minto, the present incumbent, who has made an excellent Governor, and will retire with the good will of the Canadians.



EARL GREY, The new Governor-General of Canada.

ANOTHER MUSICAL prodigy, a boy violinist, has appeared in Europe and has lately been heard in London, where his performances have created a sensation. He is a German by birth, and his name is Franz von Vecsey. He seems to be a well-grown and healthy boy of twelve or thereabouts. Apart from his extraordinary technique he shows, it is said, an astonishing breadth of style, a strong and full tone, absolute accuracy of intonation, and at least an appreciation for the music he plays. His bowing, phrasing, and finger work generally, as shown in such things as "Carmen Fantasia" and Paganini's "Witches' Dance," must be seen and heard to be believed. Should this musical lad fulfill in maturer years the promise of his boyhood, he will surely become one of the greatest masters of the violin the world has ever seen.

THE TRAINING of a country farm, steady habits, a manly character, and a lot of native pluck and wholesome ambition have been the chief factors in winning for Warren Ellis Schutt, a student in the senior class at Cornell University, a Cecil Rhodes scholarship at Oxford. Mr. Schutt's career up to date seems to mark him out as a young American of whom the country may have reason yet to be particularly proud. He received his primary education in a country school, and then in a competitive examination won a four-year scholarship in the Ithaca high school, where he prepared for Cornell. In Cornell he took all the scholarships and prizes to which he was eligible. Up to the end of his freshman year he walked to and from his home every night, as he had done when in the high school. In his sophomore year Schutt entered college athletics. He ran on Cornell's victorious teams against Harvard, Princeton, and Pennsylvania. In the intercollegiate two-mile race he lowered the intercollegiate record and became recognized as the best distance runner in the American colleges. In June he again won the two-mile intercollegiate race and was elected captain of the Cornell track team for next year. Young Schutt is twenty years old, stands more than six feet in height, and weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. He is a fine example of the athlete and scholar combined.



WARREN ELLIS SCHUTT, A farmer boy and champion runner who has won a Rhodes scholarship.



Japanese Army's Good Field Hospitals



[Special correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.]

FENG-WANG-CHENG, MANCHURIA,
June 1st, 1904.

THE FINEST temple in Feng-wang-cheng—one dedicated to Confucius, also intended for an academy of learning—was previously used by the Russians as their main hospital, and has now been taken over by the Japanese and is being occupied for the same purpose. As one wanders about within the compound, among the numerous buildings, separated by massive stone walls, with a confusing maze of paths and passage-ways leading through arched stone gateways, one almost forgets, in admiration of the strange architectural beauties of the structures, that men of the sword lie sick and suffering and dying within the four walls of nearly every house.

It is the story of the Japanese field-hospital service which the writer desires to tell, in spite of the fact that his mind recurrently wanders to the beautiful pagodas, the graceful curved-tile roofs, the skillfully-modeled figurines of animals and men astride the ridge-poles, the twisted, carved dragons in wood and stone threading into many of the architectural decorations, the wonderful-hued paintings of gods and saints (and perhaps devils, for aught I know), and finally the effects in vivid vermilion and greens and gilts, stamping the whole with the bizarre seal of Orientalism. For the isolation of patients with contagious and infectious diseases, these temples are ideal, for they consist of groups of small buildings inclosed with great stone walls, but, for the convenience of medical administration and the economical care of a large number of patients in wards, they have serious drawbacks in possessing no rooms where more than a dozen, or, at most, twenty, patients can be housed together, while usually the chambers are mere cubby-holes in which only three or four cots can be placed.

With this army each division has its own hospital for the more serious cases, and each regiment has its own medical assistants and small or receiving hospital, where the cases are diagnosed, when, if it is evident there will be protracted illness, they are forwarded to the division hospital for treatment. The main hospital draws cases from all the other hospitals, as well as taking in all soldiers and officers connected with headquarters staff and guard. It is an interesting fact that, up to this time, there has not been a very large percentage of sick soldiers in this army of nearly fifty thousand men. As the soldiers live crowded indiscriminately into the houses of the country, often twenty or more sleeping side by side on mats in small illy-ventilated rooms, with open fires in the rooms, it is surprising that they do not fall ill in large numbers.

The same conditions would kill off Caucasian troops by the score; for not only has all this Korean and Manchurian country been scourged with pestilential diseases peculiar to the East, from time to time, but the people, knowing nothing of medicine, disinfection, necessity for isolation and sanitary measures, follow none of them, so that their houses should be filled with as many baleful germs as they are known to be with predatory insects visible to the naked eye. Certainly we must assume that Japanese troops are less susceptible to the attacks of the bacilli than the men of Western countries, in order to explain their freedom from contagious disease up to this time, but there may possibly be advanced some other reasons tending to show why they are so unusually scourge-free for an army living in the field.

To begin with, their diet is extremely plain and simple, consisting, as it does, of rice, salt fish, and unsweetened tea, with now and then a small amount of tinned beef, fresh beef, chickens, and eggs thrown in as luxuries. Their food is in no way different from what they are accustomed to, and it is prepared, cooked, and served exactly as it is at home. In opposition to this, other civilized armies immediately begin living on highly-concentrated and heating foods in the field. Lacking variety and craving the things they are accustomed to at home, they drink large quantities of lye-strong coffee, and gorge themselves with hard-tack, bacon, stringy canned beef, and jam, and, in consequence, bring on a whole train of stomachic and intestinal troubles, and, by general loss of tonicity in the system, open the door for worse diseases.

Again, we find the Japanese soldier furnished with a metal bottle, in place of a water canteen, which permits him to boil his water easily. That he always does this is hardly probable, but, in view of the fact that the Japanese prefer hot water to cold—when they are in camp or stop by the wayside for a long wait, they will always be found sipping hot water from their aluminium drinking-cups—it may be safely said that they run much less risk of contracting disease from the water they drink than the average army. Of course, what they like more than anything else as a beverage is a very weak decoction of plain hot green tea, and between the damage done to the stomach by half a dozen tiny cups of weak tea and a quart of inky black coffee, such as the American soldier constantly imbibes, there can be no comparison.

The fact should not be lost sight of that the Japanese soldier, by his preference for hot drinks, never chills his stomach when he is over-heated and perspir-

ing, and this, in itself, makes for a better general physical condition than that of the soldier who feverishly drinks large quantities of cold water from every



SURGEON-GENERAL TANI-GUCHI (CENTRE), OF THE FIRST ARMY CORPS, AND MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF.

spring, creek, and pond along the wayside. Taking possession of large towns by American and British troops always increases the number on the sick report with a jump, because these soldiers are prone to look generously upon the flowing bowl, and their selections of beverages which cheer are usually those of the most fiery quality obtainable. The Japanese soldier, on the contrary, seldom imbibes anything except his mildly alcoholic *saké*, which, it is true, does intoxicate if taken in large quantities, but whose after effects are not apparently a general disarrangement of the internal functions.

So, all in all, we find the Japanese soldier living simply, and practically the same life in the field that he would in his own habitation. He sleeps on the floor, sits on the floor, and eats on the floor, just as he has always been in the habit of doing. Campaigning is no strain upon him, physically or mentally. On the other hand, the Anglo-Saxon soldier lives a wholly unnatural life in the field, on high-pressure diet and on food very unpalatable to him. His environment has become unstable and so unlike that with which he is familiar that the physical breakdown is often produced as much by mental worry and homesickness as by the general irregularities of living and sustenance to which he is subjected.

While the Japanese army has so far not developed a great deal of sickness, it should be said that the doctors are fearful that, when the hot, damp Manchurian summer is once well on, and the mosquitoes and flies begin to swarm by the million, epidemics of malaria, dysentery, typhoid, small-pox, and cholera will break out. At least, the country in which the army is now campaigning has been visited in the past by all these complaints. The medical department is doing everything in its power to prevent any such outbreak by lecturing the soldiers on the way to care for their health, and by having the necessary orders issued by commanders to the men in regard to the food they shall eat and the water they shall drink. If any army in the world will obey orders strictly, without question or mental reservation, it is the Japanese, for they look upon the utterances of their officers with real reverence.

Also, with a view to stamping out in its inception any contagious disease, the suspect is promptly quarantined until the character of his illness can be positively determined. All the division and headquarters hospitals have bacteriological experts who are supplied with fine microscopes and all the paraphernalia necessary for rearing cultures and staining them and making slides. These technical experts are quite as enthusiastic as our own specialists, and converse in germ language galore, exhibiting test-tubes filled with millions of dread and deadly bacilli. Every case of fever in a hospital has the blood examined microscopically, and no chances whatever are taken as to whether it may be a simple fever, malaria, or typhoid. The microscopic slide tells the tale, and under the powerful oil-immersion objectives the eye sees the known distinctive forms of bacteria, and medical treatment is forthwith commenced on the basis of positive knowledge as to the character of the trouble.

It should be said here that the bulk of the army surgeons and physicians have been trained in German institutions, and they follow all the precise and painstaking methods which have made the German investigator famous in the realms of medical science. The operating rooms are furnished with all the modern appliances and surgical instruments. The rooms themselves are kept immaculately clean and dust-proof, and the operating tables, of the latest adjustable designs, are kept covered with a light framework bearing a

dust-proof cloth to still further safeguard them from inroads of the dangerous microbe. The sterilizing bottles, antiseptic dressings, and bandages are all there, and the handling of a surgical case is carried on under the most approved of aseptic methods.

How clever the Japanese surgeon is in making amputations and handling serious examples of gun-shot wounds, the writer has not yet had an opportunity to witness. He is told, however, that some very excellent work has been accomplished, and that the percentage of cases which died after operations has been exceedingly small. The nickel-clad bullet used almost entirely by both armies has, of course, reduced the possibilities of death resulting, after the patient recovers from shock, to a minimum, and the wounds practically cauterize themselves; so that nothing but gross carelessness in applying the first-aid, or in operating or redressing, is apt to result in death from blood-poisoning. In the hospital pictured there are less than a dozen cases of dangerous diseases. No small-pox or cholera has yet made its appearance, but that enemy of all armies, typhoid, produces a victim now and then. So far, however, it is only sporadic, and the cases which have developed have been widely separated and have been stamped out, in each instance, by the prompt action of the medical men. The building for contagious diseases is carefully quarantined, and the attendants are not permitted to go outside of the great wall which incloses it. One attendant physician goes and comes, changing his clothes, however, on leaving, and observing all the prescribed antiseptic regulations. In connection with this department is a steam disinfecter on wheels, which is used to purify the rooms by driving a steam blast filled with disinfectant into every crack and crevice.

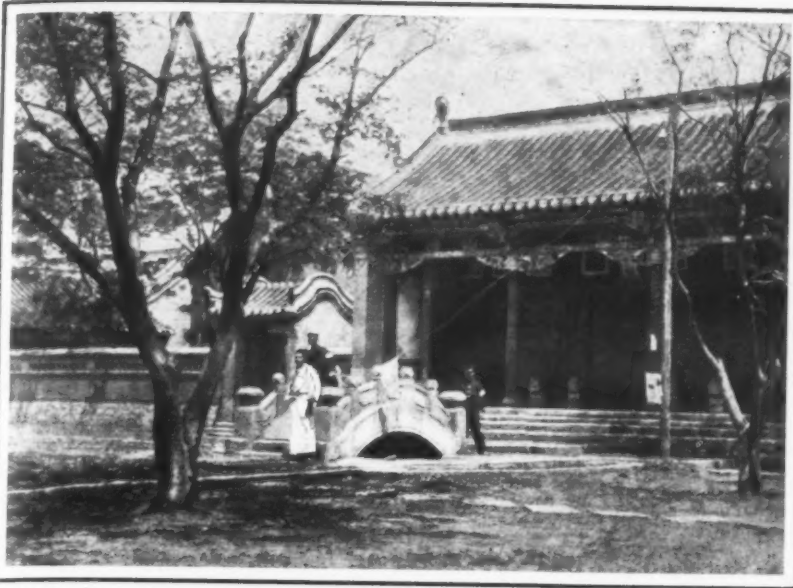
On the day of my visit the officers' ward had but three Japanese patients in it, all sick with mild attacks of malarial fever, and the handful of wounded Russian prisoners who were captured in the Feng-wang-cheng fight and had been sent down a few days before. There were not over half a dozen wounded Japanese soldiers in the surgical ward, all of whom were recovering rapidly, and proud enough of the badges of courage they had received in fighting for their country. Of the sixty or seventy cases in the clinical wards there were only two men who could not sit up to have their pictures taken, and they were certainly a pleased and happy-looking lot of men, without a sour or discontented face among them. There is much that is philosophic in the Japanese mind, and his training in life has been of a nature to cause him to hold outward expression of feeling in reserve, so that one can never tell when he is suffering from pain. He scoffs at his infirmities and makes little of them, smiling while he does so. It is the mental attitude so eagerly sought for by the believers in the faith cure, and the probabilities are that his refusal to centre his attention on his own ailments has much to do with his capacity to recuperate rapidly after an illness.

How different is the atmosphere of our own hospitals, where brave men chafe and growl and grow morbid over the curtailment of their principal activities by disease or injury! Their brains—to their great detriment—do double duty, and cankering retrospection and unappeased ambitions hold them shackled to a bed far longer than our little friends, the Japanese, who have the happy hearts of fatalists and smilingly accept what comes, in the belief that what has to be must be. Those who visited the operating tables after the Yalu River fight have all remarked on the difference in demeanor between the wounded Russians and Japanese. The former were prone to flinch and quiver and groan on the table, as their torn bodies were probed and cut and sewed together again by the surgeons, while the latter seldom murmured, though at times they clinched their hands spasmodically in the throes of fearful agony. One lives in the love of life; the other in the glory of dying!

WILLIAM DINWIDDIE.

The Earth's Central Heat.

IN THE report of the last coal commission the conclusion is arrived at that at a depth of 3,000 feet the temperature of the earth would amount to ninety-eight degrees Fahr., but it was considered that a depth of at least 4,000 feet might ultimately be reached in coal-mining. The rate of increase, the commissioners thought, might for ordinary cases be assumed to be one degree Fahr. for every sixty feet, but it is in reality impossible to give any fixed rate of increase. The report of the British Association Committee on Underground Temperatures during the last thirty years tends to show not only that the temperature gradient varies considerably in different localities, but that it is not easy to deduce a fixed law of increase applicable to all cases. In some parts of western America the heat at 300 feet is unbearable, while at the Calumet and Hecla copper mine in north Michigan there is a rise of only four degrees Fahr. in a depth of 4,400 feet. The temperature of the coal on discovery at the Rosebridge colliery in Lancashire was stated to be ninety-three degrees Fahr., but it afterward fell to sixty-three degrees Fahr.



MAIN GATEWAY OF THE INNER TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS, USED AS THEIR MAIN FIELD HOSPITAL BY THE JAPANESE AT FENG-WANG-CHENG, MANCHURIA.



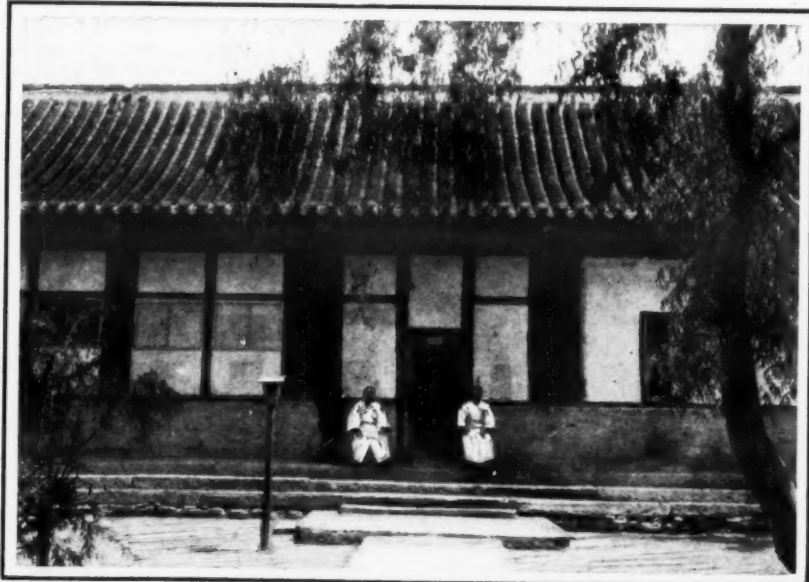
WOUNDED SOLDIERS OUTSIDE THE SURGICAL WARD OF THE FIELD HOSPITAL.



CONTAGIOUS-DISEASE WARD AT THE MAIN FIELD HOSPITAL, WITH DISINFECTING APPARATUS ON THE LEFT.



MAJOR MURAKAMI (RIGHT SITTER) AND HOSPITAL STAFF OF THE FIRST ARMY CORPS.



OFFICERS' WARD OF THE TEMPLE HOSPITAL.

MODERNIZED HOSPITAL SERVICE OF THE JAPANESE ARMY.

TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS, AT FENG-WANG-CHENG, MANCHURIA, USED AS THE MAIN FIELD HOSPITAL OF THE FIRST CORPS.

Photographed especially for Leslie's Weekly by William Dimwiddie. See opposite page.



WHAT HAPPENS TO A NEW BABY IN CHINATOWN

By Harriet Quimby



IN THE estimation of the Chinese there is nothing quite so important in the events of the family history as the advent to the domestic hearth of a wee son and heir. In his campaign against race suicide President Roosevelt has no more sincere supporters than can be found in the Chinese. The Chinaman's saying is: "Have children to bring joy to your heart and peace to your old age; have children to work for, to laugh with, and to weep with." The Chinese bible says: "A man who leaves no son to sustain the honor of his ancestors is a disgrace to his forefathers." So the edict goes forth—have children, girls if you must, but if you would be blessed both in this world and the one to come, have boys. In the Chinese proverbs there is a twisting of Scripture something like this: "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a childless man to become great in the world beyond." Through the centuries this belief has become so much a part of the Chinese nature, that the advent of a boy in a Chinese family is heralded as a direct blessing bestowed by the gods and approved by the long line of ancestors, and is, therefore, no ordinary occasion, but rather a time for prayer, thanksgiving, incense, and feasting.

At the hour of the Tiger, one day early in April, a rejoicing of this nature began in the cozy home of Lee Yick You, a wealthy importer of New York's Chinese quarter. The babe was a son, the first of the Lee clan to have, by right of birth, the prospect of becoming a voter in this country, so this diminutive bit of Oriental babyhood was thrice welcome to all Chinatown, in which he has fifty or more cousins, all belonging to the Lee clan. We have heard of more than one babe being born with a gold spoon in its mouth. Figuratively speaking, this little April baby came into the world with an entire set of gold dishes all his own before he had reached the discerning age of three days and attained the dignity of his first head shave. By gifts from relatives and friends of his honorable father, little baby Lee Ghin You received enough valuables and money to start him on a very flowery pathway through life. On reaching the age of five weeks he had to his credit over six thousand dollars, aside from several pounds of gold ornaments and jewels, all gifts because he was lucky enough to be a boy. The money has been put in the bank to draw interest until little Ghin takes a wife, at which time a bank-book with the birth presents will be given into his charge.

Lee Yick You, the happy father of Ghin, is one of the foremost men in the Chinese settlement of New York. He is first vice-president of the all-important Chinese Empire Reform Association. He is president of the board of directors of the Chinese Free Sanatorium; he is a power behind the Chinese daily paper, and is also a person of importance in the Chinese Merchants' Association. Among the local honorable cousins of the baby are Lee Poo Wong, mayor of Chinatown; Captain William S. Lee, the only Chinese graduate of an American nautical academy; Yam Phoo Lee, graduate of Yale and present secretary to Prince Pu Lun, who is now in this country to represent China at the St. Louis exposition, and about one-third of the wholesale merchants of Chinatown. It was decided by these various cousins that the new baby should have a reception befitting his station, hence the carrying out of an old-time custom of the high-caste Chinese families, which in this country has been more or less neglected. In fact, it was the first birth celebration held among the Chinese in New York.

In China a ceremony of superstition takes place before the birth of a child, to insure good health, much happiness, and long life to the little stranger, but in the family of Yick You much of this primitivism was omitted. Although loyal to his country, Yick You is a firm advocate of modern civilization for his countrymen, and his dainty little wife is a supporter of the Chinese woman's emancipation, but it is difficult to eradicate the teachings of centuries all at once; so while baby You is a stanch American, he still began life a good Chinaman, despite the lopping off of some of the time-honored prenatal ceremonies. In the cozy sitting-room, where beautiful teak-wood stools, richly inlaid with pearls, attract and tempt the American visitor, a tiny joss was erected in honor of the new baby. Rice wine in small cups, lychee nuts, mandarin oranges, and quaint flowers were placed on the tablet in front of the joss, and on either side fragrant columns of incense rose and cheerfully filled the air with good luck.

On the evening of the first day after the baby has arrived the *paterfamilias*, according to the Chinese custom, prostrates himself before this joss, and, touching his head to the floor, voices thanks to the gods and to the honorable ancestors for the small son who was sent perfect of body and full of health. On the evening of the second day the ceremony is repeated, and on the third day the voice of the wife joins that of the husband in thanksgiving. Also on the third day a

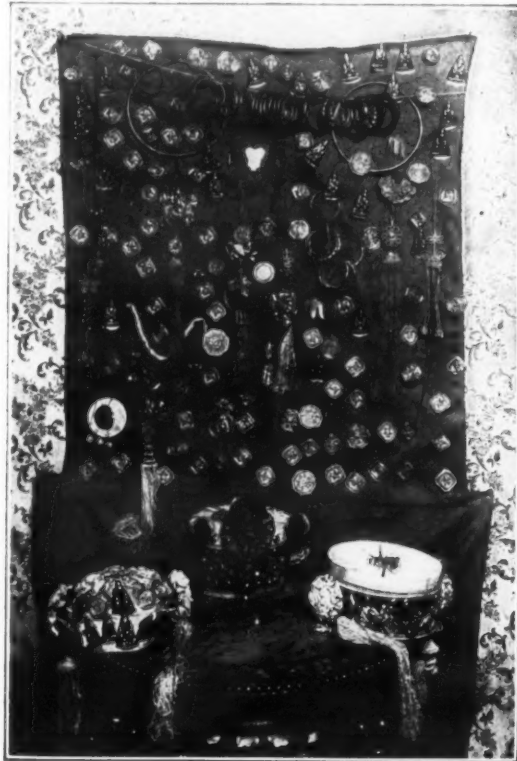
limited number of relatives and friends are called in to witness the first head shave. The rooms of the home are decorated for this occasion with green branches of either fir, cedar, or spruce, to insure *fueng-suey*, or good luck, to the house. Other ornamentalations in honor of the baby are long silk threads, bearing little circles, squares, and hearts of gold and scarlet paper. These are festooned from the walls and are hung from the ceiling. A few feet away the threads are invisible and the gay scraps of paper appear to be floating in the air. For the head-shaving the guests are seated in a semicircle before the joss. The mother is carried to a seat of honor to the right of the joss, and the baby, swathed in yards of scarlet and purple silk, is brought in on an elaborate pillow. The eldest child, or nearest relative, carries a green branch, crossed with threads of scarlet paper, and waves it slowly over the head of the baby. This wards off evil influences and insures good health. After a quaint ceremony by the father before the joss, the tiny forehead of the baby is shaved by the mother, and a christening similar to that of the Christian religion—except that the prayer is made to the ancestors and the water used to sprinkle the baby is perfumed with sandalwood—is a part of the ceremony.

The name by which the child is afterward known is also bestowed by the mother. After the shaving of the head, a cap of scarlet silk, with decorations of gold and jewels, and with a tiny round hole in the top, is

not attend the various banquets, but the baby, dressed like a tiny mandarin, was brought in by the Chinese nurse, and at the end of the first course was carried in the arms of the happy father the length of the several tables, that all the guests might see and admire him. It is the custom in China for the guests attending a baby boy's birth banquet to wrap a piece of money, any amount they wish to give, in a strip of red luck-paper, and to place it on the pillow when the baby is carried around the table. Many of the Chinese give ornaments of soft gold moulded into quaint designs, generally little inch-high statues of old men, signifying that the baby will live to a very old age. These ornaments are sometimes melted and converted into money, but this is never done until the baby reaches a marriageable age.

The banquets served to the various sets of guests in honor of the new baby kept the chefs of the Oriental quarter busy for many days. There were chestnuts to soak to render them tender enough to cook with chicken, orange peel to be prepared with which to dress the roast duck, and fancy cakes and odd Chinese confectionery had to be made fresh for this occasion. The banquets were all of the same *menu*. They consisted of ten courses, which began in the reversed order, with sweetmeats followed by wines, fruits, and nuts. After this came bird's-nest soup, which most of the Americans ate and liked. Siam sharks' fins were served as an omelette, and yellowfish brains as an *entrée*. Then followed chestnuts and chicken, mushrooms and chicken, roast birds, *chop-suey* supreme, and many other dishes, all curious, but most of them palatable to the American taste. After the American banquet the baby was given one by the Chinese in Philadelphia.

A few of the feminine guests were extended the privilege of visiting the home and exchanging greetings with the mother of the much-welcomed baby, an unusual courtesy from a conservative Chinese family. Dainty Madame Yick You, attired in a purple silk elaboration, put forth a slender hand heavily laden with jewels in welcome to her visitors, and like a butterfly she fluttered across the room in order to serve with her own hands a cup of fragrant tea to each one. When the eldest daughter was presented she served a second cup of tea. Although only thirteen years of age, Lee Dip Tai, a vivacious girl with very pretty manners, is learned in her own tongue, and by the aid of a private teacher is rapidly acquiring wisdom in ours. A little girl who answers to the name of Lee Dip Young, and a boy of seven, Lee Ling You, are the other members of one of the happiest little families in New York City. The home is distinctly Oriental. Aside from the furniture, there are a number of Chinese classics in the well-selected library, and a few old prints that would interest the collector and the lover of the antique.



JEWELS AND GOLD DISKS PRESENTED TO THE FORTUNATE BABE BY RELATIVES AND FRIENDS.

placed upon the baby's head, and the christening is completed. In every Chinese family, however poor, at least one banquet is given in honor of the birth of a boy. The banquet viands may be only rice and a bit of salt fish, and there may be only a half-dozen or so present; nevertheless, the feast is given, for it is baby's right, and the rights of babies are respected by Oriental parents. In the case of Ghin You there was no thought of expense, so during his first three weeks he was called upon to attend no less than five banquets, with about three hundred guests each, which were given in his honor. Exactly what baby thinks of all this is difficult to say; for like all his countrymen he wastes little voice, but accepts everything like a philosopher. The first banquet, which was given when the baby reached the age of twenty-one days, was in the home of Yick You, and it had for its guests all the aristocratic women and their children of Chinatown. As this was the first occasion of its kind in New York, it was the social event of the season for the little almond-eyed women, who scarcely ever leave their own door, and they chatted delightedly, while their gay garments of vari-colored silk, and headbands of jade and dull gold, lent brilliancy to the scene. Strings of popped rice, some glittering with sugar, cakes of every color, candied and gingered fruits, and watermelon seeds salted, furnished amusement for the children, while the mothers swapped stories over tea and sweetmeats.

The second banquet was held in the Oriental restaurant, and was given to the relatives. The third was tendered the business friends of the Lee family, and the fourth to American friends, which included many of the custom-house officials and their wives, lawyers, editors, and a number of English-speaking Chinese. It is not in accordance with the custom of the Chinese for their women to appear in public, so the mother did

The Wonders of the Sky.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the text-books on astronomy and all the books of a more popular sort which have appeared in recent years, designed to familiarize the general reader with some of the marvels of the stellar universe, there is always a freshness and a fascination connected with accounts of the wonders and mysteries of the sky. Where else do we find such stupendous distances brought under consideration, such magnificent exhibitions of creative power and wisdom, such amazing depths and heights, so many things marvelous and amazing beyond all human conception? In a recent lecture on the heavenly bodies Professor Robert Kerr, the well-known astronomer, said that it was almost presumption on the part of any human being to describe the splendor of the heavens, and he did not think that the greatest living astronomer could possibly understand all that was meant by, or included in, the simplest statement in the science. In his youthful days the most elementary statement made was that this earth, with its attendant moon—its junior partner—flies round the sun, at a distance of 93,000,000 miles, once a year. But what do miles convey when they go out to millions? If we traveled by train at the rate of a mile a minute, day and night, it would take about twenty-three weeks and three days to get to the moon, 237,600 miles away; and at the same speed it would take one hundred and seventy-four years to reach the sun. Last year a huge cannon was made in this country and was fired by electricity. The initial velocity of the projectile was measured, and it was found to be over 2,000 feet per second, which if maintained would carry it over a distance of 1,363 miles an hour. But the huge ball on which we live, with its oceans, its cities, its continents, and its atmosphere, flies fifty times faster than that projectile.

GET strength of bone and muscle, purify the system with Abbott's Angostura Bitters. All druggists.



THE FOND PARENTS ADMIRING THE LITTLE NEWCOMER IN REGULAR AMERICAN FASHION.



THE PROUD FATHER DANDLING HIS LATEST BORN SON AND HEIR.



LEE YICK YOU, A RICH IMPORTER, AND HIS FAMILY IN THEIR COZY HOME IN NEW YORK'S CHINESE QUARTER.

A NOTABLE CELEBRATION IN CHINATOWN.

WELCOMING AND HONORING A BABY SON AND HEIR WITH UNIQUE AND INTERESTING FESTIVITIES.

Photographs by Helen van Eaton. See opposite page.

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Wine and Women Undoing the Russians



[Special Correspondence
of Leslie's Weekly]
HARBIN, PROVINCE OF MAN-
CHURIA, CHINA,
June 1st, 1904.

IT IS related that the lamented Verestchagin, in picturing war as it actually is in Russia, painted a battle of the Russo-Turkish war in which the army was fighting and bleeding in a distant valley in the background, while on the top of a hill in the foreground, safe from the dangers of the fray, were the Russian headquarters strewn about with empty champagne bottles. A grand duke, on seeing the picture before it was dedicated to the public, became so incensed that the great artist was forced to paint out the champagne bottles and paint in bursting shells in order to avoid committing artistic suicide. But the shot struck home at any rate, and if there is anything in the adage that the truth cuts, Verestchagin's truthfulness was vindicated.

What was true of the Russian army then is true today. In the face of the great tasks that must be performed to win the war, it was most amazing to see how persistently the Russian, from the general down to the lowest non-commissioned officer, at Newchwang (whence I lately came to Harbin) continued to pursue the even tenor of the way of the military *roué*. Nor was the champagne bottle and the vodka glass the only or the worst feature of this neglected phase of the situation. At the moment when the town, with its utterly insufficient defenses, was threatened by any of a half-dozen Japanese army divisions, the leading Russian merchant informed me that the consignment of military stores that had arrived recently contained quantities of perfumery, scented soaps and ladies' toilet articles, bon-bons, garters, fans, and other paraphernalia dear to the heart of the *demi-mondaine*. As for field necessities, such as pans, kettles, field-glasses, picks, shovels, and other equipment for fortifying or for service in a rugged country, they, he added bitterly, had not even been requisitioned.

The curse of Manchuria is and has been this *demi-monde*. It is responsible for nine-tenths of the crime in the far East, and indirectly for the other tenth. Where these social vultures come from is a mystery, but wherever there is a war they scent the carrion from afar and fly to it with unerring instinct, be it in the tropics of Africa or the frozen plains of Siberia. Indeed, the broad plains of Manchuria seem to offer a more fertile soil for their operations than any other. The Muscovite falls a ready and willing prey to their wiles, and though in other fields of war they usually follow in the wake of the armies and navies, here they are all but the very vanguard.

To cite an illustration of my meaning is not so difficult as it is incredible. None of the officers at Newchwang would credit the seriousness of the situation at Port Arthur until they heard of the arrival at Liao-yang, among the refugees, of several of the most noted of the *chansonnettes*. If before they were dissatisfied with Newchwang, in spite of its "clubs," with ample equipment of card and billiard tables and the many opportunities for loot, they became doubly so with visions of the seven gay establishments which rumor had it these unwilling refugees from Port Arthur have established at Liao-yang. There, fortified behind the execrable stuff that is dignified by the name of champagne in the East, the soldiers of the Czar may, to the popping of corks and bursts of female laughter, safely defy "those detestable little monkeys of the Mikado." Although the ice has long since entirely broken up in the Liao River, and Newchwang and coast are exposed to the enemy, these officers day after day resort to the card-rooms and billiard-tables. A bottle and a woman would tempt any of them from his post, and the misfortune they lament is that Newchwang affords so little temptation. It is no exaggeration to say that these Muscovite mistresses openly and sometimes bitterly reproach the officers for having to be dragged from their debaucheries to save the remnants of the Port Arthur fleet, or to go to meet what are to them the mythical armies of Japan.

The first intimation that the Russians are about to abandon a position or undertake a serious action about it is the dispatch of this sort of baggage to the ultimate new base on which they expect to fall back. As the lines draw in closer these *hetairæ* mark the line of retreat, and we have come to the conclusion that Newchwang is a position despaired of from the fact that it

is avoided by this class of refugees. A complete account of the *demi-monde* of Manchuria and its enervating effect on the Russian army would disgust Anglo-Saxon readers. There is not even the palliation for it that one sees in the gayety of Paris, but it is coarse, brutal, and animal. Yet it is a factor in this war that is not negligible. On the field it looms up in all its disgusting proportions and must be recognized.

First of all seats of vice in the far East is Saratoff's, at Port Arthur, the only place worthy of the name of restaurant in southern Manchuria, the rendezvous of the official, the civilian, and the *demi-mondaine*. Just before the first attack on Port Arthur the little band of correspondents who were first on the scene were seated at their accustomed table, dining. While we were, as the correspondent of the Paris *Journal* said, "collecting the declarations of war and peace as a matter of discipline" and the cables fairly sizzled with war, a party of Russian officers could find nothing better to do than to dine and wine the recently arrived correspondent of the Moscow *Word* at a table in a corner of Saratoff's. That particular debauch, beginning with brandy and ending with champagne and dissipation that shall be nameless, was suddenly brought to a close by a quarrel over the belle of Saratoff's in which a young Russian officer drew his sword (or thought he did) on his countryman. It was two days before the Russian correspondent rejoined us at our table—meanwhile it is certain that if the Moscow *Word* had any far Eastern dispatches they did not come from Port Arthur.

As for Saratoff's itself, all there is to the place is a dark dining-room with a "zakouska" bar, and a small billiard room faced by an inclosed portico with tables for four. There is not a competent waiter in the place, and as for the food none can even guess how it is fabricated. America is represented by rag-time and beer—the advertisements of the latter furnishing the chief art decorations. The next night but one after the young Russian officer thought he fought a duel the *Czarevitch*, the *Pallada*, and the *Retvizan* were torpedoed. Nobody at Saratoff's knew till after it was all over that anything was going on, and when the Japanese returned the next day to finish their work crowds lined the bund along the shore as though witnessing a naval parade. Silent and unmoved, they stood as though unconvinced that war actually existed. Here and there among them could be seen a couple of naval officers, blanched and out of gear, sufficiently recovered from the carousing of the night before to realize that their ships were going into action without them.

The night of the first attack in the streets, official delinquents and social prodigals were going to the music halls and *cafés chantants*. The chief of police

was haggling with a drosky driver under the forts of Golden Hill, while past Saratoff's the *élite* rolled from a reception at the Countess So-and-so's, or a party in honor of the arrival of Admiral or General Such-and-such. The next night only an occasional light was seen here and there through the streets, while the dead and dying from the ships were carried in litters by muttering or consoling friends or hospital assistants. At the railroad station a reign of terror succeeded. Non-combatants hurried about, pleading and imploring for a place on the train. The proud belle of Saratoff's thanked her patron saint for a third-class ticket. The glory of Port Arthur had departed. There are perhaps no fitter lines in the English language than those of Byron's "Waterloo":

There was a sound of revelry by night—

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Having got my dispatches off from Newchwang, with great difficulty I obtained permission to return to Port Arthur for twenty-four hours to get my baggage. The real high life had deserted it; nothing was left but the Saratoff's crowd. They who travel without passports, reassured, had returned. Play in the clubs and resorts was resumed. *Vodka* and champagne flowed freely again. On the bund I noticed what the harbor master told me were 15,000 cases of *vodka*, a bulwark and defense consigned care of Saratoff's and the Effemieff Hotel.

Here in Harbin, where the leisureliness of the war preparations is, if anything, exaggerated, the *élite* and the higher *demi-monde* have congregated in numbers. The officers of the fleet, at length too busy to dandle them, and the fact that they were beginning to consume the siege supplies of the fortress, have combined to make them fall back on this town, which is the base of operations, making it base in another sense. Indeed, one needs no better proof than the state of affairs at Harbin for the assertion that the Russian army is at about the same stage of evolution as the armies of other so-called civilized nations a

hundred years ago. An instance of the absence of any morality whatever, as well as of what we call the essential dignity of military position, came under the observation of the French correspondents at Harbin in the crowded dining-room of the largest hotel. A general of cavalry introduced his entire staff of assistants to a woman than whom there was no one more notorious in the Manchurian capital. The French journalists, who were supposed to enjoy the special friendship of these high authorities, could scarcely conceal their disgust. As for the other foreigners present at the spectacle, they made no effort to do so. Yet the Russians thought nothing of it—a strange state of mind, truly, for men who claim to be civilized, and who look down on the Japanese.

Amateur dramatic performances and concerts for the real society occur at Harbin every night; and for the other kind there are *cafés chantants* with companies of singing girls and the same vile stuff named champagne. At the best Harbin is a rough town. Before the military took hold of it murders were a nightly occurrence on the principal thoroughfares and no one thought of going unarmed. The murders have indeed ceased, but in their place have come the scandal and enervation of the life usually found at the base of supplies. Daily the life grows more reckless, and as for the war, I heard one officer, who was ordered to the front from his gaming and carousing, pooh-poohing the whole thing. Should the Japanese suddenly by some chance drop in on us, it is an open question if the scenes of Port Arthur would not repeat themselves. Indeed, the most apparent weakness of the bureaucratic imperial system of Russia to-day is this false sense of security it fosters and the innate conviction that no great or permanent disaster can overtake the empire. Meanwhile the Japanese advance and the *chansonnettes* are driven before them. A greater improvement in the morale of the Russians than now seems possible must take place before they can win battles. A. B. R.



CURIOUS COMRADESHIP ON BOARD A WAR-VESSEL

SOUTH AFRICAN BEAR, THE MASCOT OF THE AMERICAN BATTLE-SHIP "KENTUCKY," TAKING A SIESTA WITH ONE OF THE CREW.—Copyright by Enrique Muller.

"Medicated Ducks."

AN EXPERIMENT is being made in southern California to raise mulberry ducks on a ranch where the fowls are allowed to bathe and drink only sulphur water. The ducks are fed almost exclusively upon mulberries, and the flesh when cooked is tender and free from the rank, gamy taste. But the most interesting fact is that these fowls, from the time they are hatched, are permitted to drink nothing but strong sulphur water, and swim in it daily. Arthur L. Mackaye, son of the late brilliant playwright, Steele Mackaye, is an epicure, and for his own satisfaction is raising what he terms "medicated mulberry ducks," on a ranch with an unlimited supply of strong sulphur water. This ranch is not far from Los Angeles, in the San Fernando valley on the El Camino Real, the road established by the Spanish padres more than a century ago. There are many large mulberry-trees growing near a deep sulphur-water well, and the big picturesque windmill pumps so many more gallons than are necessary that a large pool has been formed.

Mr. Mackaye discovered that ducks, pigeons, and chickens that bathed in the water and drank it and ate the mulberries had a different flavor, and this induced him to experiment. He discovered that fowls with dark meat were more affected and improved in taste than those with white meat. Ducks and ring-doves, he said, were improved in flavor and tenderness at least fifty per cent. He has many doves and is giving them the same treatment as the ducks, and with marked success. Old ducks brought to the ranch will not use the sulphur water at first, but they soon acquire the taste, and seem to prefer the strong odor to clear non-medicated spring water. They take at once to the juicy mulberries and never seem to get enough. In conjunction with the berries a small patch of alfalfa is planted, where the fowls can eat green stuff at any time. Not a trace of the sulphur can be tasted in the flesh of the ducks, and yet Mr. Mackaye is of the opinion that the mineral water has much to do with eliminating the rank and gross flavor especially characteristic of old ducks. He claims that the mulberries fatten them quickly and keep the flesh tender, no matter how old the fowls may be. The writer and D. G. Baille, the Scotch hydropathic savant, ate some roasted mulberry duck and came to the conclusion that Lucullus could not have found in his day anything more seductive and pleasing. The savant is going to make a pathological analysis of the sulphur-mulberry duck and write his conclusions.

Mr. Mackaye has tame squirrels and rabbits, and has experimented somewhat with them. It was difficult to get them to drink sulphur water, and of course they would not bathe. By keeping them shut up in their inclosures they were forced to drink the sulphur water, but they took little and never seemed to relish it. He summed up his conclusions as follows: "I do not believe that rabbits and squirrels can be improved much by diet, though my experiments in that direction have

not been extensive. I do know, however, that ducks fed upon mulberries and drinking and bathing constantly in sulphur water acquire a flavor that would delight the most exacting epicure. And this point I wish to emphasize: ducks so raised never become tough, never get stringy, and grow more flesh on the breast. Remember, these experiments are a pleasure to me, and not made with any commercial intentions. The sulphur water on my place has been used by the Mexicans for more than a century for various ills, and it was a happy thought of mine to raise 'medicated ducks.' Later on I can tell exactly what effect the berries and the water will have upon ringdoves, and any one wishing to start a duck or dove ranch can get all the information he desires from me."

HOMER FORT.

Remarkable Collection of Curios.

MR. WILLIAM O. BATES, of Indianapolis, owns the finest collection of curios in Indiana. It includes a lock made by Louis XVI. of France, and a silver spoon made years ago by the present King of Servia.

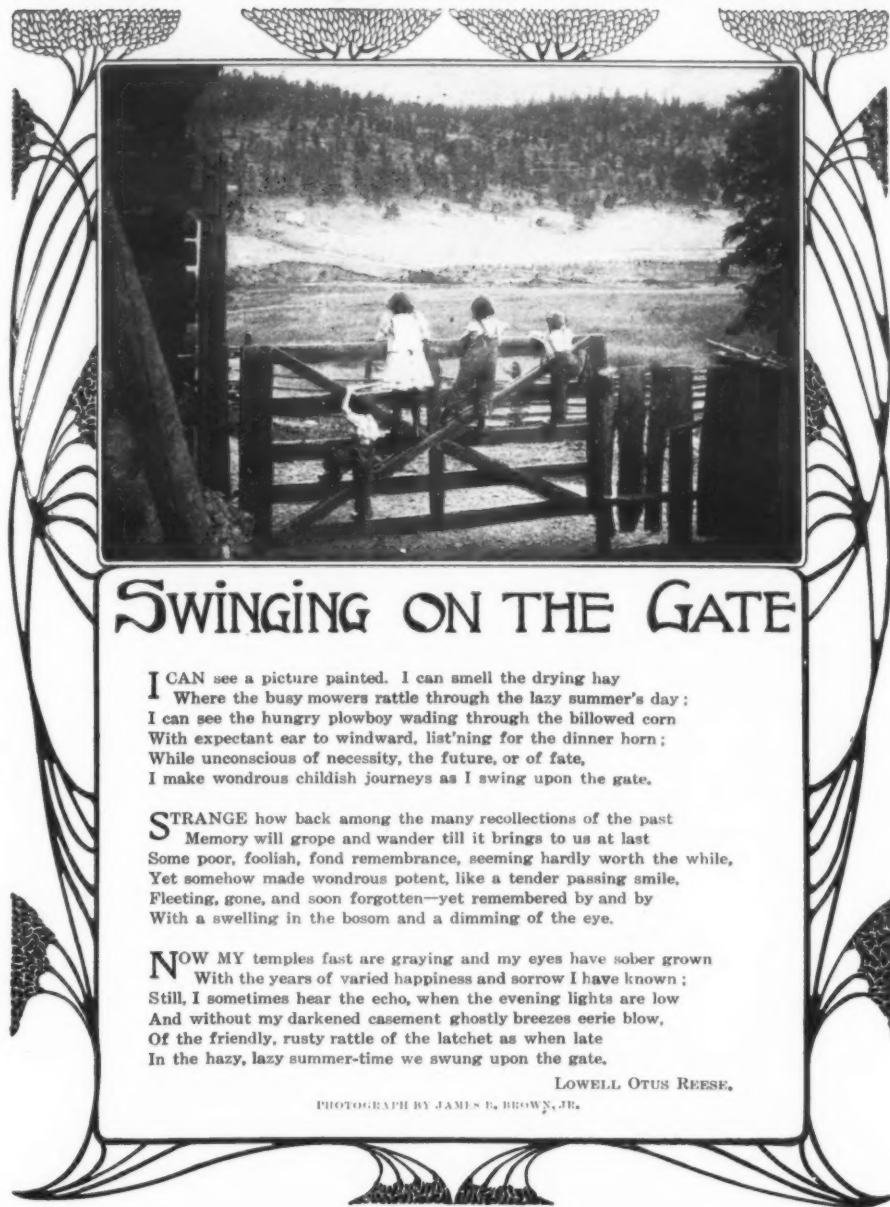
Roosevelt for Peace.

UNDER THE above caption, the London *Spectator*, the most widely read and influential English journal of the time, has an editorial discussing the Monroe Doctrine and the attitude of President Roosevelt with respect to its enforcement. The *Spectator* maintains that the Monroe Doctrine is a distinct benefit to all the world because its observance is a guarantee of peace on this hemisphere, and because it reduces the material for dangerous jealousies among European nations. Were it not for this doctrine, it declares, "all Europe would soon be at war for slices of Spanish and Portuguese America." Coming to the question of the responsibilities and obligations involved in the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine by the United States, our influential English contemporary heartily commends the position of President Roosevelt as indicated by his letter to the managers of the celebration in honor of Cuban liberty, in which, after repudiating all land hunger and all desire of interference with our southern neighbors, the President added:

Brutal wrongdoing or impotence which results in the general loosening of the ties of civilized society may finally require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the Western Hemisphere the United States cannot ignore this duty. It remains true that our interests and those of our southern neighbors are in reality identical. All we ask is that they shall govern themselves well and be prosperous and orderly. Where this is the case they will find only helpfulness from us.

The *Spectator* sees in this utterance of the President an unmistakable warning to the South American republics that they cannot expect the United States will uphold them in wrongdoing, while at the same time it proposes to protect them from foreign interference. The policy which the President recommends, it says, will certainly conciliate all Europe, where, though the Monroe Doctrine is not liked because it prohibits the establishment of future colonies in the Western Hemisphere, it is much more angrily criticised because it has hitherto asserted a right without any countervailing responsibility.

Our contemporary also defends President Roosevelt from the criticism of his Democratic adversaries that his policy in South America is belligerent and likely to lead the country into wasteful and unnecessary war. It reminds those who attack the President for wanting a larger army and navy that great ends cannot be secured without an adequate force and that it takes time to create an adequate force. You cannot improvise a battle-ship any more than you can improvise a cathedral, and even the making of great guns takes time. It is absolutely necessary, if a great policy is to be pursued—and the Monroe Doctrine involves a great one—while freedom of trade with China is indispensable to the South, and the freedom of the Pacific, if not dominance of its waters, is a necessity to all—to keep up sufficient armaments to meet an emergency. All this, in our judgment, is sound reasoning and a sufficient answer to those who accuse President Roosevelt of being possessed with a military spirit and of being favorable to policies likely to involve the country in war. He desires only to preserve peace.



SWINGING ON THE GATE

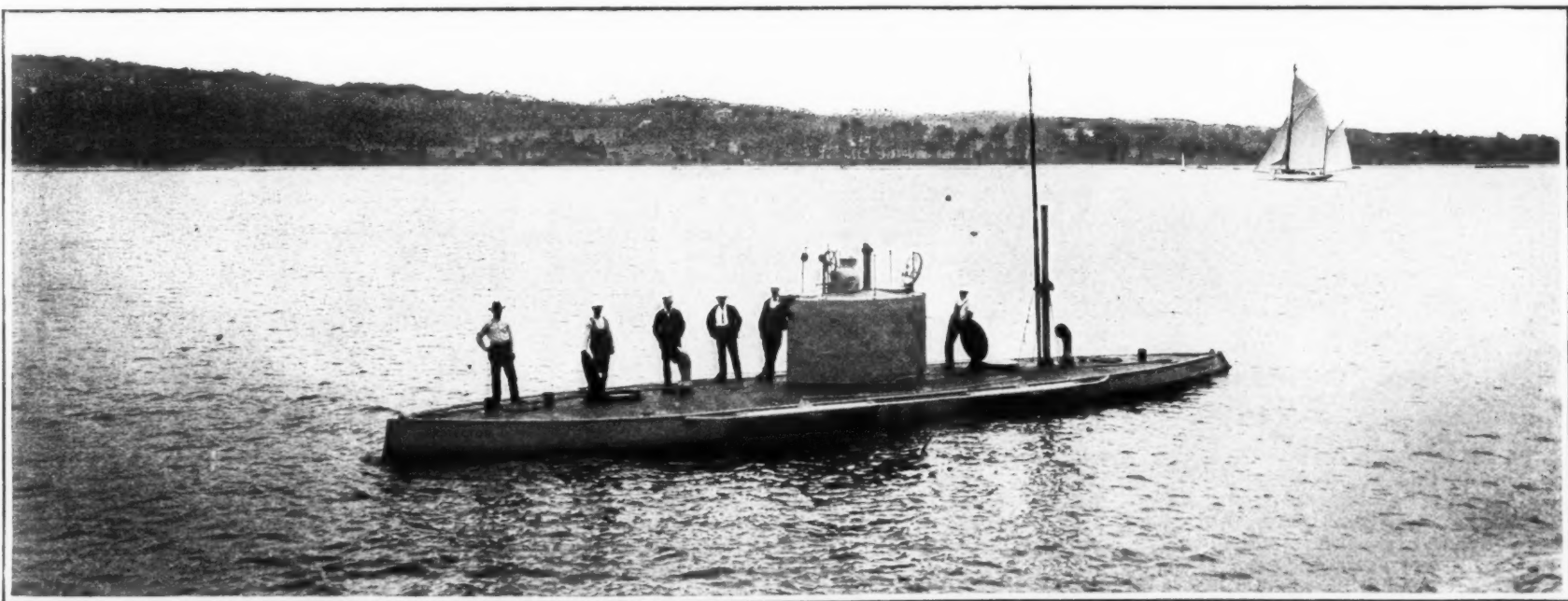
I CAN see a picture painted. I can smell the drying hay
Where the busy mowers rattle through the lazy summer's day:
I can see the hungry plowboy wading through the billowed corn
With expectant ear to windward, list'ning for the dinner horn;
While unconscious of necessity, the future, or of fate,
I make wondrous childish journeys as I swing upon the gate.

STRANGE how back among the many recollections of the past
Memory will grope and wander till it brings to us at last
Some poor, foolish, fond remembrance, seeming hardly worth the while,
Yet somehow made wondrous potent, like a tender passing smile,
Fleeting, gone, and soon forgotten—yet remembered by and by
With a swelling in the bosom and a dimming of the eye.

NOW MY temples fast are graying and my eyes have sober grown
With the years of varied happiness and sorrow I have known:
Still, I sometimes hear the echo, when the evening lights are low
And without my darkened casement ghostly breezes eerie blow,
Of the friendly, rusty rattle of the latchet as when late
In the hazy, lazy summer-time we swung upon the gate.

LOWELL OTUS REESE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES E. BROWN, JR.



A VESSEL WHICH MAY YET BLOW UP JAPAN'S NAVY.

REMARKABLE SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT "PROTECTOR," DESIGNED AND BUILT IN AMERICA, SURREPTITIOUSLY SHIPPED ABROAD AND NOW AT CRONSTADT, IN POSSESSION OF THE CZAR'S GOVERNMENT. Copyright, 1903, by E. Muller.

An American Woman Tells of a Japanese Jubilation



(Special correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.)

KYOTO, JAPAN, June 10, 1904.

“BANZAI! Dai Nippon Banzai!”

A thousand lives to great Japan! When the spirit of joy breaks loose in a Japanese crowd, no human being on earth with ordinary sympathies can escape its influence. As a rule, these strange little people are not at all demonstrative. They practice self-repression from the cradle. They go along doing the things they do quite stolidly, and much as if it were all a matter of course, but the spirit of patriotism is the life of Japan, and “Dai Nippon Banzai!” is its expression. It is as “Vive la belle France!” to a Frenchman’s heart, and its sound makes mad, joyful demons of the Japanese. After dinner, this evening, I called Takiga and my *kurama*, and started out in the cool night air to escape the stuffiness of the hotel and the homesickness which was overcoming me in spite of Japan’s fascination and my determination to make the most of it. The streets in our immediate neighborhood are very dark, and when one gets down off the hills they are offensive in other ways, being densely populated with people who know not the meaning of the word sanitation; so my depression deepened as we rattled along through the starlit gloom.

But suddenly we turned a corner and came upon a scene to drive *ennui* back to its uttermost confines. The street was brilliantly lighted with every lighting device known to the Japanese, and so crowded that our *kuramayas* had to slow down into a walk and shout “*Ah yai!*” continually to make a path for our little vehicles. Spread out upon the ground or displayed in little improvised booths all along on either side of the way were all sorts of articles, useful and ornamental, from wooden shoes to exquisite *kimonos* and tortoise-shell combs; from little unpolished wooden trays to exquisite lacquer cabinets; from common little undecorated teapots to beautiful pieces of *cloisonné*, Damascus, Matsuma, Kiomizu, and other artistic wares manufactured in this part of Japan.

People were squatting about on the ground, for all the world like so many monkeys, looking things over and chattering about them and handling the works of art with the true Japanese appreciation found in the lowest ranks of the race. And what a lot of people there were! Women with babies strapped upon their backs, and babies clinging to their *kimonos*, old men and old women, young men and young women, boys and girls—all of them curious to my eyes, and all of them moving like creatures in a restless dream; while above the hum of many voices rose the unforgettable “clank-clonk” of thousands of wooden shoes.

“It’s pay-day!” shouted Takiga, above the din. “I forgot to tell you.”

“Pay-day?”

“Yes; laborers and servants always get paid twice each month, and then they go out and have a great night of it. The merchants all display goods out along the street within easy reach, and when the people go home they have no money left. Then they go to work again.”

Takiga tells much in few words. It was the whole story of the Japanese labor question in a nutshell. I thought for a while we should have to get down and walk, the crowd was so dense. I was the only “Euro-



A STREET IN KYOTO.



A CORNER IN MARUYAMA PARK, SHOWING THE “YAZUKURA” IN CENTRE.

pean,” as all people not Mongolian are called in the East, upon the street, and ours were the only ‘rikshas. The people were so friendly they were positively rude, pressing up against my *kurama*, bowing and smiling as if I were a long-lost friend. We went slowly along, and each moment new interests unfolded themselves. The melancholy clank of the *samisen* and the wail of *geisha* voices floated out through the open windows of every tea-house we passed, mingling with the strange cries of the hawkers squatting upon straw mats behind their curious wares under the fitful glow of dozens of bright paper lanterns.

Suddenly out of the distance came the sound of a band, a brass band, the regulation Fourth-of-July-celebration band, and, land of my fathers! the tune that reached my delighted ears was, “Marching through Georgia.” In another minute we had come to a cross street, and looking down its narrow length saw a dancing crowd, half-mad with joy, each carrying a brilliant paper lantern on a long bamboo stick, and each doing his or her individual best, during the intervals when the band was not playing, to make the loudest noise that ever assailed human ears. The sound of the dear old American tune was enough to make my blood tingle of course, so I shouted to Takiga to tell the *kuramayas* to follow the procession.

“It’s coming our way,” he replied, and told the boys to move out to the side of the street.

Long may our land be bright
With Freedom’s holy light.
Protect us by thy might,
Great God our King!

The tune suddenly changed to this as the band came near to where we stood, and I went mad with the rest. I was the only American who heard that music, and I stood up in my ‘riksha and shouted “Banzai!” at the top of my voice.

“A thousand lives!”

The little Japanese band in white uniforms, playing music so foreign to their ears, stood still, and the boy with the big bass-drum rested it against the wheel of my ‘riksha and laughed joyously up into my face, as he beat out with all his might the even measures of that glorious old hymn. The brilliant paper lanterns waved wildly over my head—hundreds of them—some on bending bamboos which reached above the houses, and joyous shouts of “Banzai!” mingled with the blare of the brass band. Suddenly a young man in a long, dark *kimono*, with a bit of white silk wrapped about his temples like a laurel crown, darted out of the crowd and pressed his lantern into my hand, saying something joyful in Japanese as he darted away again, to which I could only reply, “*Arigato*” (thank you), and “*Dai Nippon Banzai!*”

Then for a moment there was pandemonium. Women held their babies above their heads and shouted “*Dai Nippon Banzai!*” Boys leaped like agile monkeys on to the shoulders of men to get their lanterns higher, and the little wooden houses fairly rattled with the deafening yells. Nobody can say “Banzai!” like the Japanese. It means so much to them, and the way they say it, “*Ban-za-ah-ah-ee-ee!*” cutting off the final syllable with a sharp rising inflection, makes it mean much to anybody. It is the most perfect expression of joy in living that I ever heard. After “God Save the King” and “The Star-spangled Banner,” the band, just to show me how friendly they felt and how skilled they were in American classics, began to play “*Hiawatha*” as they marched off down the street.

“To Maruyama Park,” said Takiga, and we started in an opposite direction through streets doubly dark after the glare which had just passed us. My lantern seemed to attract a great deal of attention, and Takiga came alongside my ‘riksha to explain to me that the Japanese characters upon it were the name of a society for the promotion of patriotic enthusiasm and the title of one of the leaders of the organization.

Every little group of people we passed would cry “Banzai!” and I would reply “Banzai!” and leave them chattering, as Takiga told me, about “our English allies.”

Maruyama Park lies on the slope of Higashiyama, a wooded mountain to the north of the city. It is filled with little tea-houses, in which the *samisen* twangs day and night, and with little bright-colored booths, where one may buy all sorts of curious Japanese confections and drinks and toys, or where for half a *sen* one may get a glimpse of little peep-shows, made to delight the youthful Japanese heart. There are places where one may throw balls at a hole in a board a few feet away, and get for a good aim a little china *geisha* girl or grinning stone god. There are places where one may try one’s skill at archery with bows two yards long and little feathered arrows, which fly off in any direction but the one aimed at. And there are temples in Maruyama Park—as where are there not?—out of which float the sounds of clanging bells and chanting Buddhist monks; while over all are whispering giant cryptomerias and pine-trees whistling in the wind.

The most interesting thing, however, in all this interesting place is a cherry-tree, an old, old cherry-tree, so huge that it is upheld by dozens of strong props placed under every limb, and making it look like a tree of many trunks. This tree is prized very highly, because, in the cherry-blossom time, it is beautiful enough to attract pilgrims from all the country round about. It is called *yazukura*, or the “night blossoming cherry,” because, during the time of its blooming, bonfires are lighted all about it at sundown and are kept burning brilliantly until midnight, and thousands of people crowd upon the mountain slope to worship its beauty. So it was toward Maruyama Park that we wended our way, through curious little streets and over many arched stone bridges, after we had passed the joy-mad crowd.

When we came out of a dark street into the open space that is the entrance to the park, I felt like a small boy let loose with a bunch of fireworks on the Fourth of July. The whole slope of the hill was covered with bobbing, round, red balls. All the people in Kyoto who had paper lanterns had made their way hither, and were now met together under the *yazukura* for one final outburst of enthusiasm. As soon as they saw us we were surrounded. I am absolutely positive that I was the only Caucasian in the crowd, and I was dragged by a dozen boys and girls up the hill, Takiga laughing and shouting in the ‘riksha behind me. It was really the greatest sport I ever had, and when a young man brought a great flag of the Japanese navy and waved it over my head, shouting “*Dai Nippon Banzai!*” I replied with all the enthusiasm at my command, and “Banzai!” echoed from every corner of the park. One young man tried his best to make me a present of a lantern at least a yard and a half in diameter, on a bamboo pole eight feet long, but by this time I had all I could carry. I had had an experience of Japanese jubilation which few American travelers probably ever had, and with one final “*Dai Nippon Banzai!*” under the spreading branches of the *yazukura*, I told Takiga to order the *kuramayas* back to the hotel.

ELEANOR FRANKLIN.



STREET COVERED WITH AN AWNING ITS ENTIRE LENGTH.



CURIOSLY-GARBED AINU MAN FROM JAPAN ENGAGED IN CARVING WITH RUDE TOOLS.



IGORROTE WOMEN FROM THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS WEAVING CLOTH ON A CRUDE LOOM.



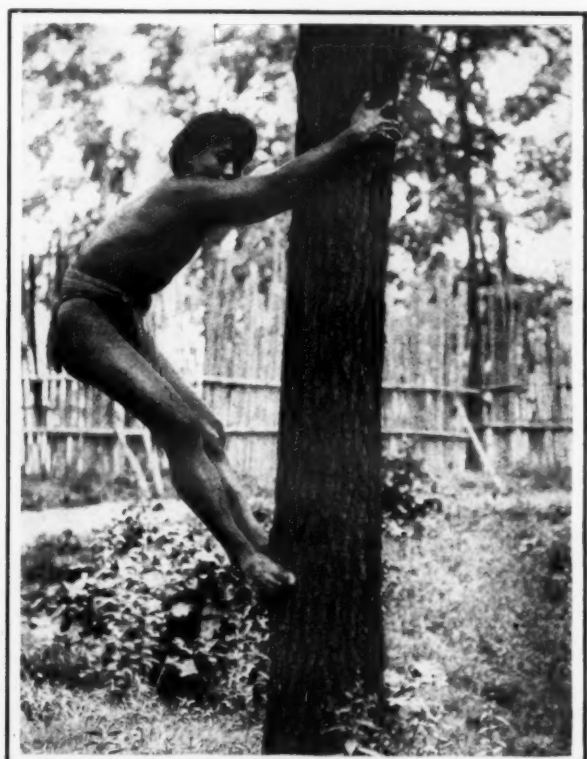
THREE INGENIOUS CARVERS FROM THE ISLAND OF HOKKAIDO, JAPAN.



MAN AND WOMAN OF THE AINU RACE MAKING BASKETS OF ODD DESIGN.



BAND OF IGORROTES DIGGING UP THE SOIL WITH STICKS FOR PLANTING, AND SINGING AS THEY WORK.



HOW THE SAVAGE IGORROTE CLIMBS A TREE TO GATHER THE FRUIT.

PRIMITIVE INDUSTRIES OF UNCIVILIZED PEOPLES.

AINUS AND IGORROTES, AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION, EXEMPLIFY THEIR METHODS OF PRODUCTION.

Photographs by Jessie Tarbox Beals.



FORWARD WATCH ON THE FORECASTLE.



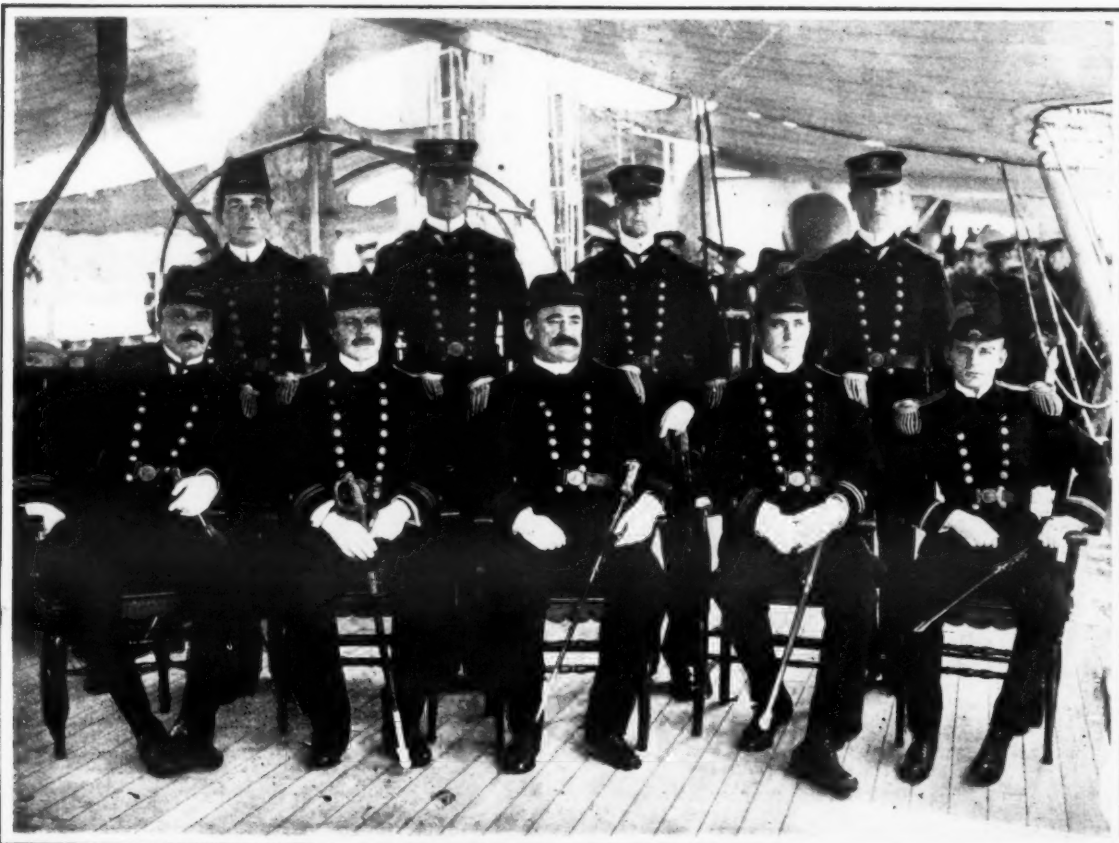
GUN-POINTER SIGHTING A FIVE-POUNDER.



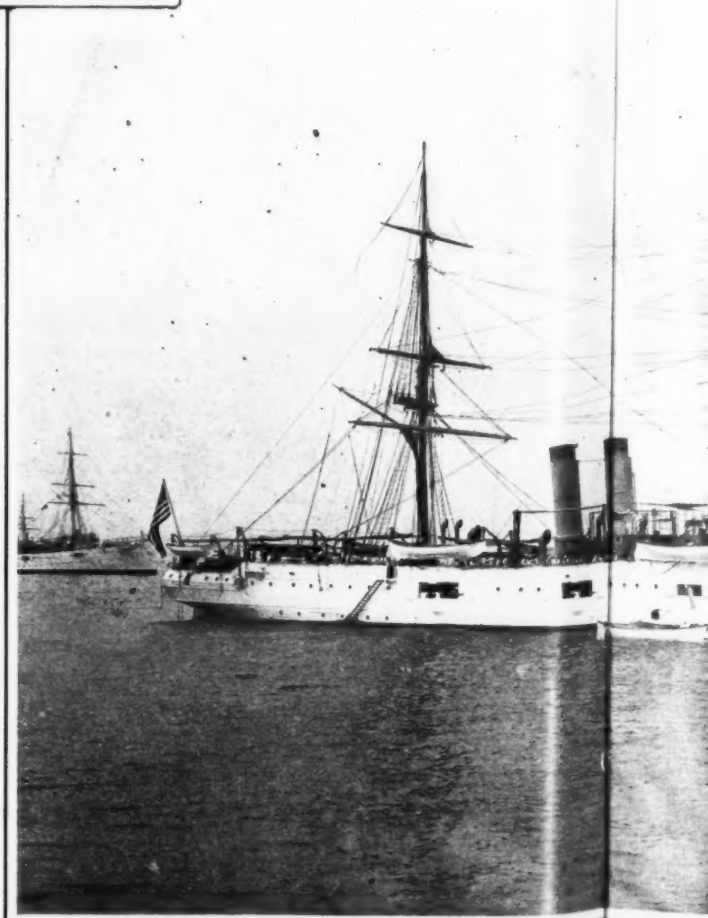
SHIP'S TAILOR MAKING SOUVENIR EMBLEMS.



APPRENTICES GOING ALOFT TO THE CROW



OFFICERS OF THE TRAINING-SHIP "TOPEKA." LEFT TO RIGHT, SEATED: SURGEON KARL OHNESORG, LIEUTENANT A. ALTHOUSE, COMMANDER F. A. WILNER (CAPTAIN OF VESSEL), LIEUTENANT D. V. ALLEN, PAYMASTER J. BARBER. STANDING: ENSIGN C. A. GARDINER, MIDSHIPMAN L. B. PORTERFIELD, MIDSHIPMAN J. P. MURDOCK, MIDSHIPMAN L. R. LEAHY.



UNITED STATES CRUISER "TOPEKA," ONE OF THE TRAINING-SHIPS OF OUR NAVY, WHO ARE BEING THOROUGHLY TAUGHT THE DUTIES AND POSSIBLE FIGHTERS.

UNCLE SAM'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL
 TRAINING FIVE HUNDRED YOUNG APPRENTICES ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "TOPEKA"
Photographed by our staff photographers



GOING ALOFT TO THE CROW'S-NEST ON THE FOREMAST.



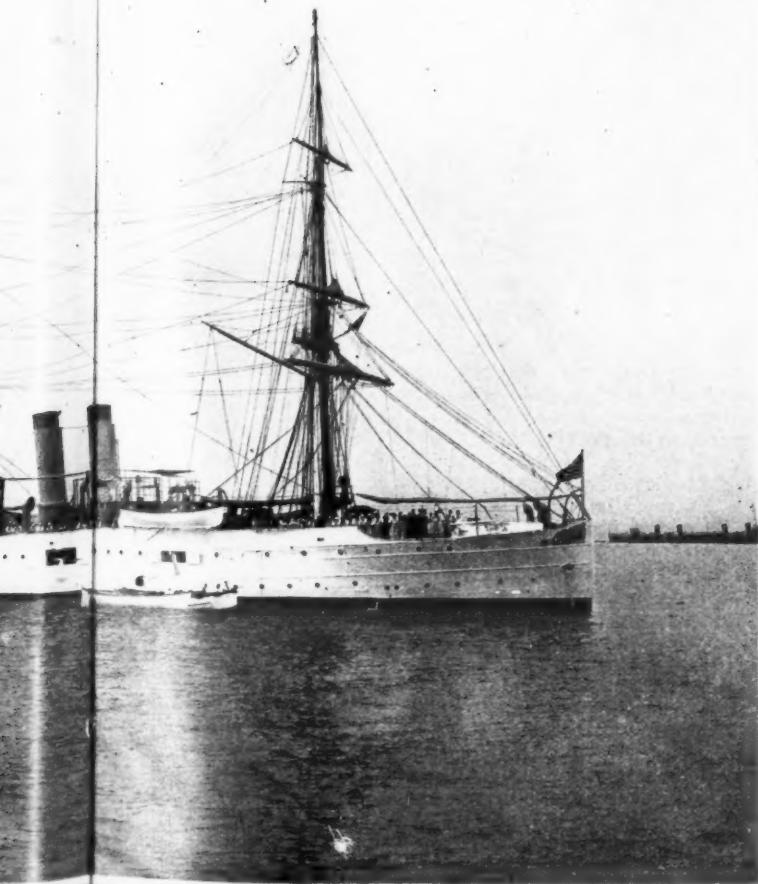
GROUP COMPOSING THE AFTER WATCH.



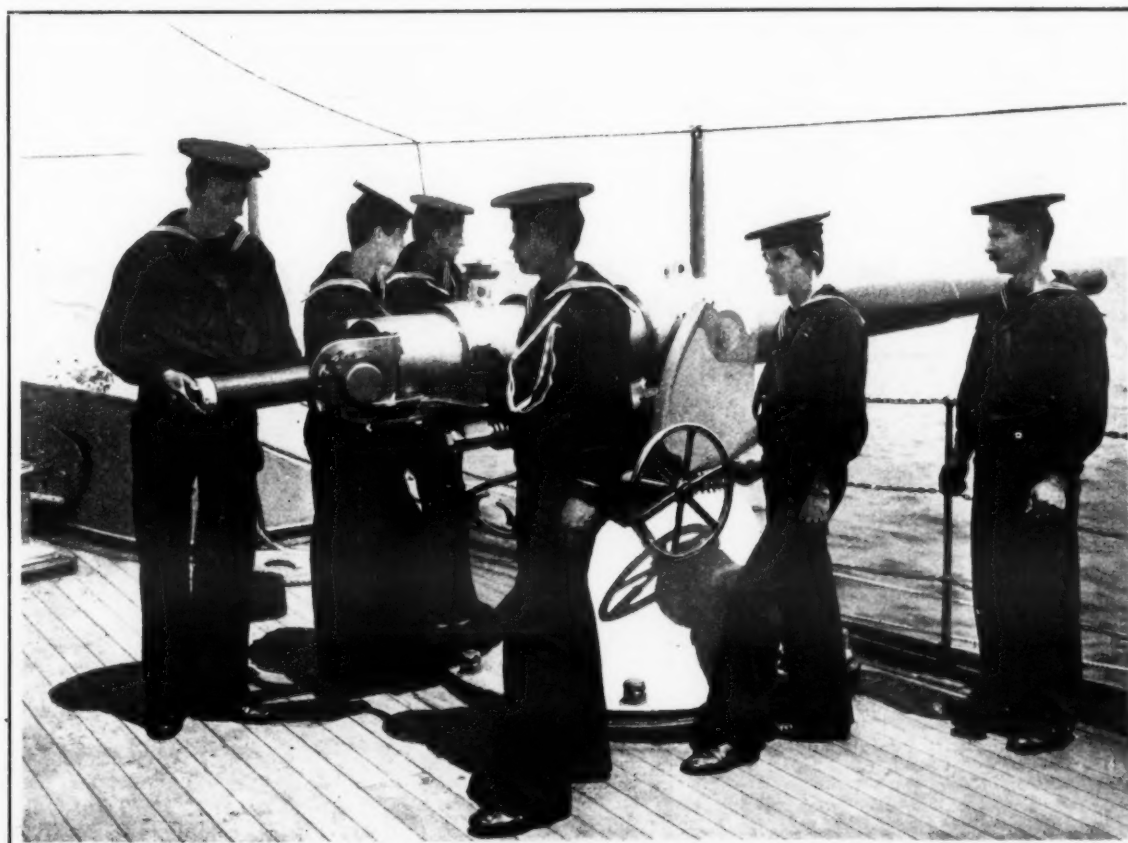
SIGHTING A RAPID-FIRE ONE-POUNDER.



TYPICAL ABLE-BODIED SEAMAN OF THE AMERICAN NAVY



TRAINING-SHIP OF OUR NAVY, CARRYING FIVE HUNDRED YOUNG APPRENTICES
HIGHLY TAUGHT THE DUTIES OF ABLE-BODIED SEAMEN
AND POSSIBLE FIGHTERS.



GUN-CREW OF ONE OF THE TRAINING-SHIP'S FIVE-POUNDERS. UNDERGOING THE DRILL
WHICH MAKES THE "MEN BEHIND THE GUNS" SO EFFICIENT
IN THE EMERGENCIES OF WAR.

RY SCHOOL FOR NAVAL SEAMEN.

HE UNITED STATES CRUISER "TOPEKA" FOR DUTY ON VESSELS OF WAR.

er staff photographer, T. C. Muller.

An International Love Affair

By
Gertrude Potter Daniels



CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE DORIS had been escorted with much ceremony to a seat in the *tonneau*. One of the foreigners, with many excuses and much self-depreciation, placed himself beside her. The other mounted beside Henry.

As he settled himself, he remarked:

"It is obligatory that we start at once. I trust the signor will have no difficulty in guiding his magnificent machine as I direct."

The words and the voice were graciousness itself, but the American understood the hidden meaning.

The automobile moved off. Once more it roared up the hill. Once more it descended with much rapidity into "stage-land." The splendors of a wonderful sunset were lighting the landscape. The lake, the vineyards, the flowers, the birds welcomed their return with songs and smiles and friendly nods. Doris straightened up. A glow of happiness illumined her face. In her contentment a wild surmise darted through her mind, but directly she put it aside as inconceivable.

Henry's brain whirled with questions he desired to put and retorts he longed to make. He fairly ached to talk with the puny foreigner who sat beside him controlling his machine and his freedom. He had scorned to learn any language but his own. The only phrases he knew in the tongue of this country had been conned from a "ready guide to polite conversation," and bristled with blandishments and elaborate suavity.

But to address his jailer in such terms as, "With your excellency's favor," or "Magnificence, with your kind permission," or "A million apologies, nobility, but can you," was not only galling in the extreme, but would discredit that which must follow.

However, he manned his pride to the inevitable. He began one of these graceful introductions, uttering the words so fiercely that Doris tittered. That settled it. Red with fury, Henry shut his lips firmly and thereafter confined his attentions closely to the running of his automobile.

They arrived suddenly. All at once, following his guide's instructions, Henry turned from the main road into what had every appearance of a park *en fête*. There were colored lights and music. Groups of gayly attired peasants wandered from place to place, laughing, talking, gesticulating in the inimitable southern fashion.

One of the foreigners explained: "His excellency, the most high duca, celebrates to-night in honor of his only son."

"For which celebration we pay," said Heyworth, promptly, in English.

"Well, for æsthetic reasons I am glad to see it," Doris replied.

"For financial reasons I think we are justified in taking part in it," he retorted.

But the ceremony with which they were received at the castle silenced even Henry Heyworth. The duke, surrounded by a retinue of servants, advanced, bowing with stately dignity. He bent over Doris's hand with something in his manner amounting almost to tenderness. He stretched out an arm toward her brother and grasped Henry's fingers in an American grip that on the instant raised Heyworth's estimate of the nobleman perceptibly.

"I have many explanations for you, sir," he began, in fine English, "but with your permission I will postpone them until you are rested and refreshed. Honor my home, sir, by considering it as your own. I trust your stay here may in some slight degree compensate for the apparently inexcusable manner in which I force my hospitality upon you."

He turned a little. "Marietta," he said,

speaking now in his own tongue, "conduct the noble lady to her apartments."

Marietta, an old serving woman, courtesied low, first to the duke, then to the young American girl, and led the way. They crossed the broad marble terrace and entered the great hall, that was beautiful beyond any room the girl had ever seen. They mounted the huge stairway to the second floor. Here Marietta threw open a door and stepped aside, with a smile of sympathetic intelligence, permitting Doris to pass her.

The girl gave one glance at the rose-and-white boudoir, then uttered a cry, for before a trunk knelt Mary, her own maid.

Their explanations were never wholly intelligible. Doris clasped the girl in a perfect excess of joy.

"How did it happen? Were you arrested, too? What does it all mean? Mary, where are we?"

"We are in the castle of the duke of—oh, well, something—and, oh, it is a fine place. Prindle and I got here two hours ago. The duke dines at eight, so you have just an hour to dress. Miss Doris, I have laid out the white lace. Your pearls go so well with it. Sit down and let me take off your shoes."

Doris asked no more questions. Absent-mindedly she sat, or rose, walked, or stood, according to Mary's requests. But her eyes were filled with a golden dream, and she had no fear at being a prisoner of a duke of "something"—in an old castle.

Meanwhile Henry Heyworth, having no golden dreams, but much curiosity, was giving Prindle a bad half-hour. For the valet had no explanations of the situation, and less understanding, and could only recite in vain repetition that which had occurred.

"The trunks were ready to go," he said. "Mary and I stood with our things on. All at once like, up comes a couple of strange men, asking if we belonged to Mr. Heyworth, and that we was to go along with 'em. They says to Mary and me, 'Your lady and gentleman have changed their plans. They are to visit the Dook of Vennutelli,' they says, and while Mary and I stood flabbergasted, as you might say, not knowing just what to do, up speaks the landlord of the hotel, vouching for the strangers' honesty. Mary and I had no choice but to follow on."

"The dook is dining at eight, sir. If I may make so bold, sir, I'd mention that golf medal of yours. I could put it on a red ribbon and place it around your neck. These foreigners lay great store on such



things. It's too bad for us Americans to be behind 'em, sir."

As he talked the patient valet led the young man into his clothes.

Promptly at eight the duke received Doris at the foot of the great stairway. The young girl was very lovely.

The pure white of her gown emphasized her youth and her exquisite delicacy. There were pearls in her hair and about her throat. She carried herself like a princess.

The duke beamed upon her, and she was smiling up at him as they entered the salon. At the same moment two other figures came forward, each from opposite ends of the room.

At the sight of one a wild joy leaped into Doris's heart. She raised her eyes, and for the tiniest fraction of a second they gave themselves to his. He, however, after one impulsive move toward her, made no further effort to approach the girl, but as he bowed, an answering fire of love burned in his face.

The other figure meantime walked rapidly to the duke, demanding, curtly, "Sir, your explanations are overdue. My sister and I shall be glad to have them made before this farce is allowed to proceed any further."

The duke put Doris off his arm, bending over her hand again as he excused himself. Then he faced the angry American.

"Mr. Heyworth, your hasty departure from our country is responsible for the act which has made you my guest by—strategy, shall we say? I had arranged to call upon you at your hotel to-morrow, and the object of that call was of so much importance to me that I could not abandon it until everything had failed."

Sir, my son, Lord Maldini, future duca of Vennutelli, has the honor of requesting your permission to pay his addresses to your sister."

Doris gave a low cry. Once again her eyes fled to the tall, straight figure before her, but now amazement sat upon her face.

"My son is not unknown to you," the duke continued, "although in his intercourse with you he saw fit to ignore his title. I can only add, Mr. Heyworth, that as heir to the dukedom he is in a position to bestow honor and luxury upon his wife. It will also be my pleasure, as well as my duty, to place before you, in a few moments' private conversation, the amount of his present fortune and what the revenues of the estates will bring to him upon his accession to them."

"Frankly, however, it is not these matters of position or wealth that have weighed with me in the affair between your sister and my son. It is the fact that love is the foundation of the matter. I myself married for love, and my duchessa was one of your own compatriots, Mr. Heyworth. It has been my dearest wish that our boy should know such happiness in his married life as his mother and I knew in ours. These things have led me to resort to the unparalleled performance which held you in my country. And while I ask your pardon for the act, I believe the end I had in view justified the means."

"Mr. Heyworth, has my son your sanction in seeking your sister as his wife and future duchessa?"

Seconds passed and silence reigned. Heyworth was attempting to collect his thoughts and arrange them in some sort of logical sequence. Deep in his heart he was rather flattered. It rested with him to make a great match for Doris.

The humiliation of having been beaten in this foreign love affair was softened by the manner of that defeat. He felt that he could



"THE DUKE RECEIVED DORIS AT THE FOOT OF THE GREAT STAIRWAY"

Continued on page 90.



FAMOUS STATUE OF THE MINUTE MAN, AT CONCORD, MASS.
J. S. Henry, Massachusetts.



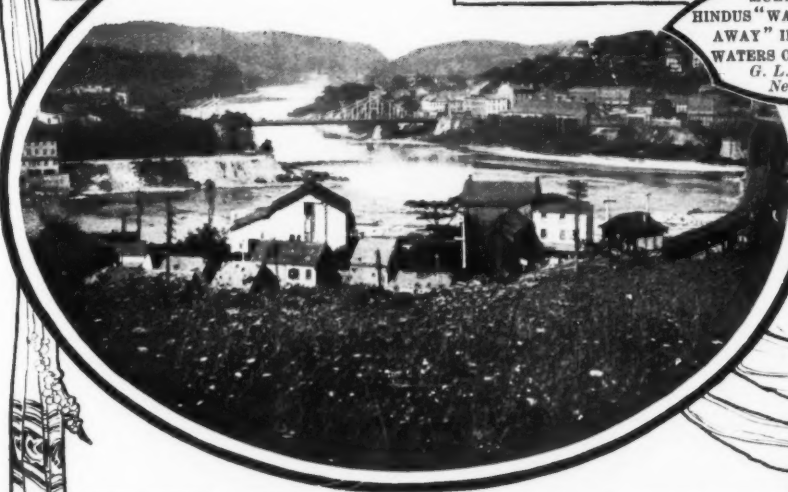
NEW YORK EDITORS ENJOYING A TRIP ON LAKE PLACID IN THE ADIRONDACKS AS GUESTS OF THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAILROAD.
Mrs. E. E. Trumbull, New York.



ATTRACTIVE SECTION OF BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY, LOOKING UP FROM THIRTY-FIRST STREET.
Mrs. C. R. Miller, Maryland.



MULTITUDE OF HINDUS "WASHING THEIR SINS AWAY" IN THE SACRED WATERS OF THE GANGES.
G. L. Barrows, New York.



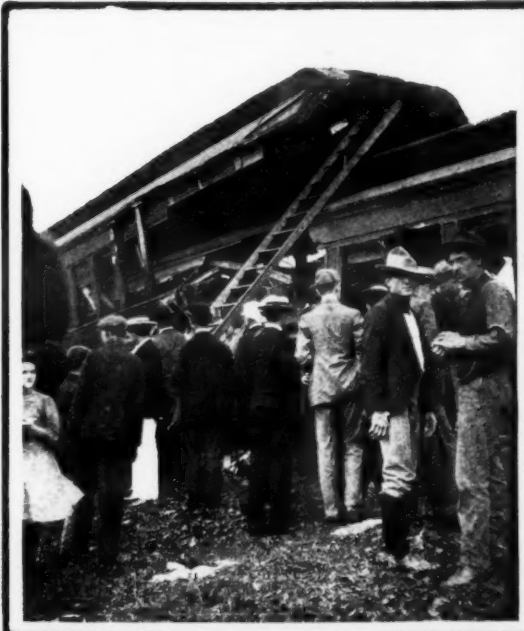
(PRIZE WINNER.) PICTURESQUE VIEW ON THE DELAWARE RIVER, BETWEEN EASTON, PENN., AND PHILLIPSBURG, N. J.—*C. R. Trowbridge, Pennsylvania.*



CRIPPLE CREEK, COL., CENTRE OF THE MINING REGION WHERE TWENTY-TWO MEN WERE KILLED DURING A RECENT REIGN OF VIOLENCE.—*L. Winternitz, Illinois.*



HISTORIC WILLIAM PENN'S HOUSE, IN FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.
Richard Eggleston, Pennsylvania.



FEARFUL WRECK CAUSED BY COLLISION OF ERIE EXCURSION TRAINS, AT MIDVALE, N. J., IN WHICH NINETEEN PERSONS WERE KILLED AND THIRTY-FIVE HURT.—*F. Bunde, New York.*



SPECTACULAR \$1,000,000 FIRE AT CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD ELEVATOR AND FREIGHT HOUSES BURNED, AND SEVERAL LIVES LOST.—*R. H. Nicholls, Massachusetts.*

AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTO. CONTEST—PENNSYLVANIA WINS.

PICTORIAL RESULTS OF THE RIVALRY OF ARTISTS WHO PORTRAY SCENES OF TIMELY INTEREST.

(SEE OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 95.)



Books and Authors

By La Salle A. Maynard

TWO BOOKS have recently been published on Thackeray, one of them, however, being a new edition of "The Four Georges," with an introduction by George Meredith. This introduction, as well as the other fairly good book, deals with Thackeray's inveterate practice of moralizing. The subject is a very old one. From the first the critics—at least, a great many—found fault with the novelist for interpolating his descriptions, or following them up with sermons, as these moralizings were called. He always turned preacher, it was said, at the end of his chapters. But he did not do so always, though he certainly turned preacher whenever he thought he had a chance of a hearing, even if it were in the middle of a chapter or at the beginning. George Meredith does not highly approve of the practice. He is not, however, very severe, for he holds that every satirist must necessarily be a moralist. Certainly he must, for he cannot but want people to give up the follies and the vices which he tries to laugh out of existence. His aim is ethical. In this sense Horace was a moralist. He preaches in laughter; only, in his case, the laughter rarely gets beyond smiles—pleasant, companionable smiles. In the same sense Cervantes was a preacher of righteousness, with a very Handel festival of orchestral laughter. So was Swift, whose ridicule, however, did not drop "medicinal balm," but smarting vitriol. He had a mighty genius, but it had been captured by brutality, and made to do brutality "service as its thrall," and do it by means of genius far more brutally than any mere brute could do it. Thackeray, of course, was essentially a satirist. But George Meredith thinks the moral should never, if possible, be separate from the satire. And no doubt it is better, is a far higher art, and a more effective preaching when the satire, whether it be a story or a character, tells clearly its own tale. It is best, of course, if by merely looking at a picture we can absorb, without knowing it, moral renovation. But how often is this done? Can it ever be done? What are and where are the instances in literature of this supreme kind?

APROPOS OF Spencer's autobiography, reminiscences of the philosopher are cropping up daily. What is, perhaps, the most interesting article which has appeared on the author of the synthetic philosophy is published in *The Forum*. The article was written by the late Grant Allen ten years ago, on the understanding that it should not be published during Spencer's lifetime. The younger man was first to die. Allen and Spencer were close friends for many years, and although the former saw reason to dissent from the latter on a large number of subjects (notably, it may be imagined, on political questions), that did not alter his opinion of the man. Grant Allen thinks that Spencer possessed "the finest brain and the most marvelous intellect ever yet vouchsafed to human being." In the year 1876 Grant Allen, who had correspondence with Spencer but had never seen him, resolved to call upon the philosopher. He knew the house was in Queen's Gardens, Bayswater, but forgot the number. "Arrived at Queen's Gardens," he says, "I asked from house to house, did Mr. Herbert Spencer live there? Imagine the result, oh, cultivated Boston, oh, eager Chicago! The supercilious British footmen eyed me with suspicion. 'Spencer? Spencer? never heard such a name; might, perhaps, be at the

boarding-house.' I tried the policeman. 'Spencer? No, nobody. Must have come to the wrong address.' Great heavens! I thought, could this happen anywhere else in the world but in England? The greatest philosopher that ever drew breath, the maximum brain on earth, is living in this square—and not a soul in the place has ever heard of him." Speaking of Spencer's personal appearance, Grant Allen says his first impression was disappointing. There are great men who look their greatness the moment you see them—for example, George Meredith. Spencer did not. "You would say, at a cursory glance, the confidential clerk of an old house in the city. Afterward, when I got to know him better, I saw there was far more in the face than that; indeed, though always disappointing, it mirrored in some respects the idiosyncrasy behind it."

IT WAS NOT until he was well along in life that the late Dr. Samuel Smiles, author of "Self-Help," began writing the books which brought him fame and fortune. He obtained a medical degree from Edinburgh University and was a practicing physician for several years in his native county in Scotland, but did not succeed. He was then for a period editor of the *Leeds Times*, and afterward served, until 1866, as secretary of a railroad company. All this time Dr. Smiles was obtaining that practical knowledge of men and affairs which was of such splendid service to him in his literary work. Even while at Leeds and while he was still young he preached the gospel of self-help and thrift, character, and duty, and in his spare time he would talk to a group of young men in a disused hospital room. Always his text was what it was throughout his life. He had learned it from George Stephenson, whom Dr. Smiles well remembered to have said: "Young men, persevere, persevere; it's been the making o' me." The story of "Self-Help"—one of the most widely read books of the nineteenth century—was similar to that of other books destined to become famous. "People won't read anything of this kind," said the publisher to whom Dr. Smiles took his work. This was when the Crimean War was raging, and when it was thought that people would have no time to read homilies such as those which Dr. Smiles sought to deliver. But Dr. Smiles "persevered." He published his own book, and his confidence was justified. It leaped into popularity at a bound. Twenty thousand copies were sold the first year, and since then its circulation has passed the quarter-million mark.

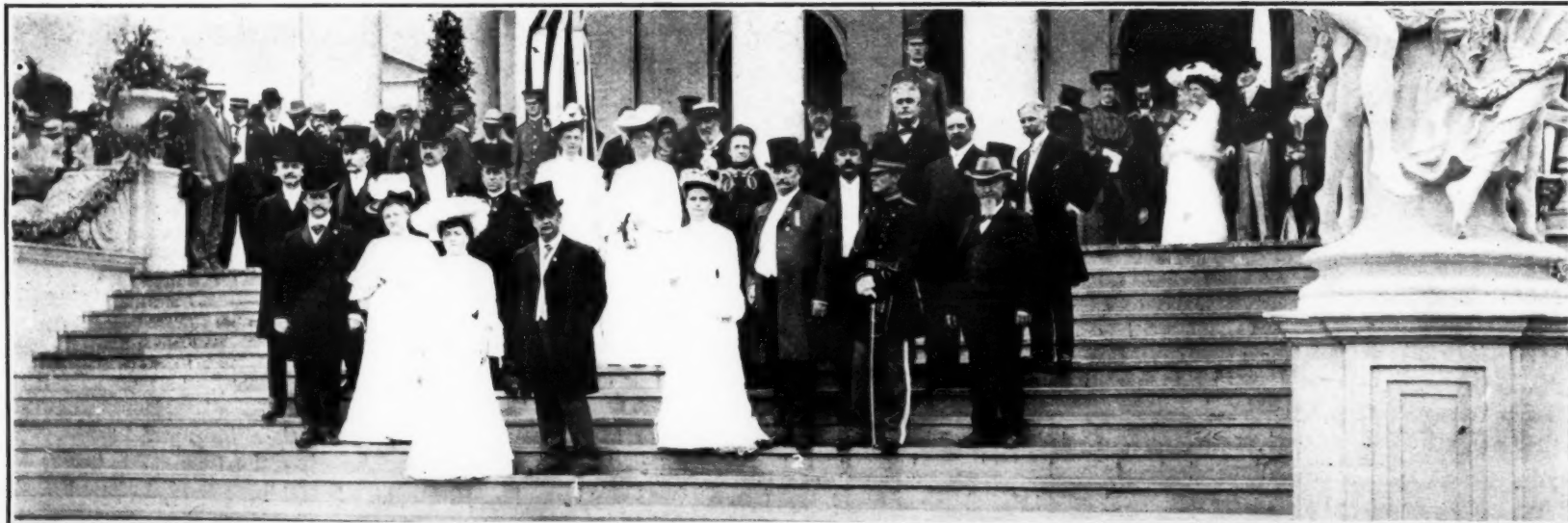
THERE IS NOW in St. Petersburg the oldest known MS. of the New Testament in Greek, saved from destruction by the merest chance sixty years ago. Crossing the hall of a convent at the foot of Mount Sinai, Constantine Tischendorf saw a basket full of parchment leaves on their way to be burned. Two baskets had already gone, he was told, and all that he could secure for himself was a small bundle of odd leaves. But the monks, now interested in the "waste paper," saved the rest from the fire, and nine years after, on a return visit to the convent, Tischendorf found that the steward had, wrapped in a red cloth, "a bulky kind of volume," which proved to be the whole of the New Testament, with parts hitherto

unknown, and parts of the Old, which had long been sought. He begged the volume for the Czar, and to-day it lies, well preserved in spite of its 1,500 years of age, among the treasures of the Russian capital. The Stuart papers, one of the most precious possessions of King Edward, were found lying in a garret by an outlaw, upon whose head the British government had set a price, who bought them for a paltry sum as a heap of tradesman's bills, and afterward ended a miserable life by strangling himself in a London tavern. But for this tragedy of a life these priceless volumes in the King's library would doubtless have perished unknown.

MR. EDGAR GARDNER MURPHY'S book, "Problems of the Present South: A Discussion of Certain of the Educational, Industrial, and Political Issues in the Southern States" (Macmillan), discusses such questions as negro education and negro suffrage, the industrial revival and child labor, the significance of illiteracy, the development of the common schools, the function of the university in the Southern States, the striking progress of the South within the past twenty years, in the light of their bearing upon the development of democratic conditions. The author writes with passionate attachment to the interests of the South, and yet from the broad standpoint of a citizen of the nation. The frankness and hopefulness of his book are not less marked than its poise, its sense of justice, its moral earnestness, its deep hold upon fundamental principles. It is an interpretation, in noble and vigorous English, of the hopeful and progressive tendencies in the present South. Mr. Murphy has something to say, and he says it with insight and power. While the book deals with Southern issues, it will bring to the North a new and broader appreciation of the South. Three qualities especially—its transparent sincerity, its timeliness, and its essential statesmanship—will give it national importance.

NOT MORE remarkable than the expedition of Lewis and Clark is, perhaps, the story of the publication of "Lewis and Clark" journals. Of their many wanderings, of the changes in the text, of the various editions, of the loss of the original MS., its recovery, and of its many editors, the reading public at large knows but little. But now, just one hundred years after the arrival of the Lewis and Clark expeditions at their preliminary camp on the river Dubois, there have at last been located all of the literary records now extant of that notable enterprise in the cause of civilization. When published, as they will be within twelve months (by Dodd, Mead & Co.), the original journals will create a new interest in the deeds of Lewis and Clark.

IN HIS recent novel, "The Great Adventurer" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), Mr. Robert Shackleton has drawn freely upon his experiences when he was a newspaper man a few years ago and had frequent occasions to interview financial satraps in Wall Street. The hero of Mr. Shackleton's story, Newberry Linn, "sees" the trust idea and goes it many times better by forming a trust of trusts for the control of about everything on this mundane sphere. Love as well as lucre enters into this romance of the money kings, and there is not lacking the note of tragedy.



DEDICATION OF NEW YORK'S BUILDING AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSIONERS FROM THE EMPIRE STATE, GOVERNOR ODELL (1) AND PRESIDENT FRANCIS (2) PARTICIPATING IN THE FUNCTION.



RUSSIAN TROOPS ASSEMBLED AT NEWCHWANG.
Photograph by our special artist.



REGIMENT OF SIBERIAN RIFLES PARADING AT NEWCHWANG BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE BLOODY BATTLE OF THE YALU.—*Photograph by our special artist.*



THOUSANDS OF NEWLY ARRIVED JAPANESE SOLDIERS LEAVING THE TRAIN AT SOUTH GATE STREET STATION, SEOUL.
Pierce.



COOLIES AND RUSSIANS, AT NEWCHWANG, CARRYING A HALF-MILE CABLE FOR USE IN MINING THE RIVER.
Photograph by our special artist.



HORSE ARTILLERY OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY PASSING THROUGH NEWCHWANG TO THE FRONT.
Photograph by our special artist.



TROOPS ORDERED TO THE FRONT ASSEMBLING IN A JAPANESE CITY.
Photographed for Leslie's Weekly by Eleanor Franklin.



RED-CROSS WAGONS HASTENING THROUGH NEWCHWANG TO SUCCOR THE RUSSIAN WOUNDED.
Photograph by our special artist.



COSSACK TROOPS, AT YIN-KOW, THE PORT OF NEWCHWANG, PATROLLING THE COAST.
Photograph by our special artist.

NEWCHWANG SLIPPING FROM THE RUSSIANS' GRASP.

MILITARY SCENES AT THE MANCHURIAN CITY WHICH IS EXPECTED TO FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE ADVANCING JAPANESE.

See page 92.



The Sin and Shame of the Betting Habit

By La Salle A. Maynard



IT IS ENCOURAGING to know that the crusade against the gambling evil is making progress, despite the customary inactivities of hot weather and the absorbing interests of a presidential campaign. Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, has made good his word in stopping race-track betting in the vicinity of that city, and closing up the gambling-houses within the city itself. A statement was recently made public, but afterward denied, that several of the leading insurance companies of New York had sent out a circular letter to their employes warning them against frequenting race-tracks or pool-rooms, on pain of dismissal. Whether such a warning was actually issued or not, it is certain that the betting habit, like that of drink, is coming to be more and more regarded as a disqualification for any service where honesty and faithfulness are prime requisites. No man possessed with the gambling craze can be trusted.

In an interview in the New York Times on this subject, Mr. Henry P. Lyman, president of the American Surety Company, is quoted as saying that twenty-five per cent. of the defalcations of the time are due to race-track gambling. "Every day or so," said Mr. Lyman, "this company is called upon to make good for some young fellow who had bet money that didn't belong to him on horses that lost." Among the special and recent instances of the ruin wrought by the betting passion, cited by Mr. Lyman, was that of a young bank clerk with a mother and sister dependent upon him. Becoming infatuated with horse-racing, he neglected his work, abstracted money from the bank to the amount of \$1,400, and is now serving a term in the penitentiary for his crime. Another case of recent occurrence was that of a railroad man who held a fine position. He became addicted to betting on the races and stole \$14,000. He fled to Mexico, but was captured and brought back. He is also serving a term in the penitentiary.

A number of city magistrates were also interviewed by the Times on the subject, and all agreed that to succeed in suppressing gambling on the races would be to reduce crime greatly, and to prevent destitution in the case

of many families. One magistrate declared that women and children are the greatest sufferers from race-track gambling. Time after time, he said, cases of destitution had been brought before him which were due entirely to the gambling mania of the bread-winner. Another judge spoke of a "thievery which is not punishable by law"—the thievery of the man who takes money which should go to the support of his wife and children, and uses it to gratify his vicious passion for gambling. There could be no more flagrant robbery. A prominent East Side lawyer is quoted in this connection as saying that in his practice he had come across families who were starving because of the pool-rooms. The heads of these families earned good wages, but every cent of it went into the coffers of the proprietors of the gambling resorts. After one of the pool-room raids, he said, the wife of one of these men had told him that her husband had brought home his wages for the first time in months.

One only needs to turn to the criminal news of the daily press to find ample verification of these statements as to the crime and misery directly due to race-track gambling. Professional horse-racing is, on the whole, a form of outdoor sport which has little to commend it to people of clean minds and wholesome tastes and inclinations. Along with its few and questionable benefits are many features tending always and everywhere to degradation and criminality. There is something about horse-racing, in fact, which seems to coarsen and vitiate all who are engaged in it. As conducted on the professional tracks, it is a sport in which deception, fraud, false pretense, and every species of

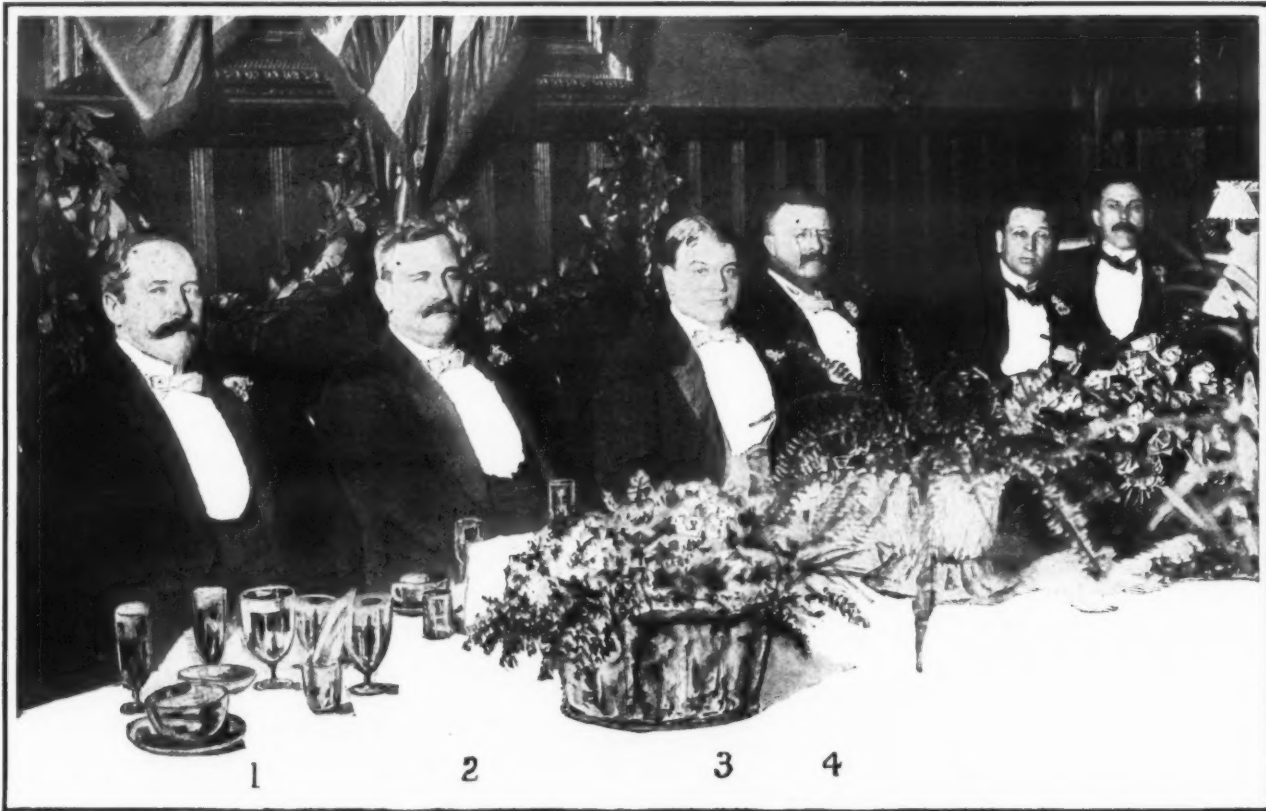
cunning and trickery have been reduced to a fine art. It is a rare instance where such a thing as an honest race is run, and rarer still where the results are honestly set forth and adhered to by the management. It is essentially a game by sharpers for sharpers, with the weak and the gullible for victims.

It is probably true, as often averred, that race-tracks cannot be maintained without the betting-ring adjuncts. It certainly proved so in New Jersey, where a strict and impartial enforcement of the anti-gambling law was followed by the immediate closing of the tracks at Guttenburg, Monmouth Beach, and other points in the State. But we do things differently in New York. When the people of the Empire State voted a prohibition of pool-selling and other forms of gambling into the State constitution in 1896, a complaisant and ever-ready Legislature, at the bidding of the racing trust, made up of rich horse owners, politicians, and high-class sports, enacted the Percy-Gray law, which took every tooth out of the anti-gambling amendment so far as racing inclosures are concerned, while it left it in full force outside of those inclosures.

The result has been the ridiculous, unjust, and outrageous situation which now prevails, wherein it is made a crime punishable by fine and imprisonment to perform an act on one side of a fence which is practically declared innocent on the other. A full disclosure of this iniquitous arrangement was made in this paper in the issue of June 30th, and to those who care to learn of the operations of the racing trust—of its greed and rapacity, and the wrongs and injustices wrought by it

upon the people of the Empire State—we commend a careful perusal of that article.

We also commend most earnestly the action suggested by the writer of the article, whereby the State Legislature may be induced to wipe that piece of concrete iniquity, the Percy-Gray law, off the statute-books, and substitute in its place a law honestly designed in letter and in spirit to carry out the anti-gambling clause in the State constitution. The most effective way to work against the gambling curse in New York is to work for the repeal of the Percy-Gray law.



UNIQUE INCIDENT IN OUR POLITICAL HISTORY.

ROOSEVELT AND PARKER, NOW RIVAL PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEES, SEATED AT THE SAME TABLE AT THE FAREWELL DINNER GIVEN AT THE PORT ORANGE CLUB, ALBANY, N. Y., DECEMBER 31ST, 1900, IN HONOR OF GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S ELECTION AS VICE-PRESIDENT.
1. Judge Parker. 2. Governor-elect Odell. 3. Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff. 4. Vice-President-elect Roosevelt.—Reproduced from Leslie's Weekly of January 19th, 1901.

An International Love Affair.

Continued from page 86.

retire with the honors all on his side, and that the world at large would consider him a clever diplomat.

Nor did there seem to be any of those stumbling blocks, any of those ignominies, usually associated with international matrimonial affairs. Besides, Doris was in love.

The duke, the young lord, and the girl waited. Heyworth gazed darkly from one to the other. Finally his air of tragedy gave way before a smile of felicitation. He answered the duke:

"Like yourself, position and wealth pass uncounted by me in the present instance. We Americans scorn the one and are too familiar with the other to be interested in it. In fact, my consent to the proposed alliance is governed solely by the knowledge that Yankee blood runs in your son's veins, and that, as you say, it is a love match. My sister's happiness is very important—" he stopped abruptly and turned toward the girl. "Doris—" again his voice broke. A swift change had come over him. For the third time he tried to speak, but the words would not come.

Then with a quick impulse he stretched out his arms mutely and the girl ran to him.

"She's very dear to me," he said at last, with a little laugh, but even the duke's eyes filled at the tone in the young American's voice.

Montana—The Copper State

THEIR glittering veins of silver ore
Let other States display,
Or show the gleaming yellow dust
That glorifies their clay.
Montana boasts of more than this—
Like alchemists of old
She takes the copper from her mines
And turns it into gold.

THE Kettle singing on the hob,
The pans along the wall,
Like golden vessels brightly shine—
Montana gives them all.
And north, and south, and east, and west,
And o'er the ocean's blue,
Montana's copper goes to swell
Montana's revenue.

AMID her canyons deep and wide,
Her valleys green and fair,
Her forests laced with crystal streams,
And still the grizzly's lair;
Volcanic hills, and plateaus gemmed
With many a thriving town,
She sits upon a copper throne
And wears a copper crown.

MINNA IRVING.

Abolishing the Billboard Nuisance.

THE WAR against the billboard nuisance goes on with unceasing vigor and success. Action in the matter has recently been taken in the cities of Seattle, Omaha, Kansas City, and Akron, O., in the direction of the mitigation or the suppression of billboard abominations. In Seattle billboards have been ruled out of the residence section of the city entirely and the superintendent of public works in Kansas City has refused to allow their erection anywhere within the city limits. Akron prohibits them within three hundred feet of any school-house, and Omaha requires that the consent of all property owners within two hundred feet of the site proposed for billboards shall first be obtained. Let the good work go on.

Produces Strength for Work HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

It perfects digestion, enriches the blood, calms and strengthens the nerves, and builds up the general health. It is the most permanently beneficial Tonic.

For Safety

in the delicate process of feeding infants, Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is unexcelled except by good mother's milk, as it is rendered perfectly sterile in the process of preparation. Lay in a supply for all kinds of expeditions. Avoid unknown brands.



FIRST POSITION.—MACKAY, THE GIANT PITCHER OF THE YALE TEAM, PREPARING TO THROW THE BALL.

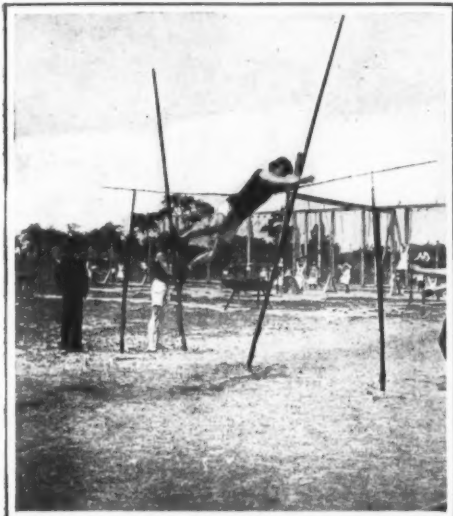


SECOND POSITION.—STEPHENS, PRINCETON'S STAR, AT THE BEGINNING OF A THROW.



THIRD POSITION.—W. B. TYLER, COLUMBIA'S CRACK TWIRLER, AFTER THE BALL HAS LEFT HIS HAND.

HOW THE PITCHER DELIVERS THE BALL.—POSED FOR BY THREE PITCHERS OF LEADING COLLEGE TEAMS.—Earle.



ATHLETE MAKING A HIGH POLE VAULT.



OLYMPIC SECTION IN PRACTICE.—H. KRAFT THROWING THE BALL.



AT WORK ON THE PARALLEL BARS.—ERNST BEHNKE, INSTRUCTOR, AT LEFT.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE OUT-DOOR GYMNASIUM, AT DOUGLASS PARK.



TURNERS ACTIVELY ENGAGED IN VARIOUS SPORTS.

TURNERS, AT CHICAGO, PRACTICING FOR THE GREAT GERMAN TURNERFEST AT ST. LOUIS.—Winternitz.



C. L. B. SHUDDEMAGEN, UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, HOLDER OF SOUTHERN MILE-RUN CHAMPIONSHIP.



FINISH OF THE INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE RACE IN GERMANY FOR THE JAMES GORDON BENNETT CUP.—THERY, THE FRENCH CHAUFFEUR, APPLAUDED BY AN IMMENSE CROWD, WINNING ELEVEN MINUTES AHEAD OF THE BELGIAN JENATZY.



J. F. COX, UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, HOLDER OF THE SOUTHWESTERN HIGH-HURDLE CHAMPIONSHIP.

NOTABLE EVENTS AND VICTORS OF THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

TURNERS PREPARING FOR THE FEST AT ST. LOUIS, AND THEY WINNING THE INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE RACE.

Neglected Newchwang—The Westernmost Barrier of the Russian Defenses

Our correspondent, who has been detained in Newchwang by the Russian authorities, writes the following article about that place which has been so prominent in the far-Eastern dispatches recently. While the correspondents at this point have been bombarded by nothing worse than official orders and baseless rumors from Port Arthur, the Japanese have gradually crept up on the place and are at last ready to seize it. Hitherto it has been like a mere Russian eddy in the northward sweep of the Japanese armies, but at last it has emerged from its obscurity to the centre of the stage in the theatre of war.—EDITOR.

NEWCHWANG, MANCHURIA, May 20th, 1904.

THE MATTER of paramount importance at Newchwang ever since the beginning of the war has been in regard to the fortifications. It is true that there has been no great movement of the Russian armies through this place, nor the anticipated early Japanese advance on it, yet it remains the strategic point of the greatest importance at the head of the Liao-tung gulf, commanding, as it does, also the mouth of the Liao River, on tributaries of which both Mukden and Liao-yang stand.

The explanation of the Russian inactivity is not far to seek, for Newchwang is regarded by military experts as about indefensible, and by the same token the Japanese have doubtless avoided it. An added explanation of Japan's movements is possibly found in the remarkable similarity between the present campaign against Russia and the campaign against China in 1894. In the latter campaign Newchwang was not found necessary to the Japanese operations until after the Chinese were safely invested in Mukden, and the chances are that it will not be found necessary in this campaign either. But if it should be, the Japanese will find no difficulty in taking it, for it may almost be had for the taking. The great difficulty with Newchwang seems to be the danger of holding it against an enemy who seriously contests the possession, and even should the Japanese take it, it will not be made an important base of operations as long as there is the slightest danger from the direction of Port Arthur.

Newchwang itself is a long, straggling Chinese town, ending at the point farthest from the sea in the foreign settlement. Set upon a mud flat beside the Liao River, it is unattractive in summer and desolate in winter. Here the Russian sphere of occupation in Manchuria can be said to properly begin, and the traveler who knows neither Russian nor Chinese finds himself a hapless and unlucky one after he leaves Newchwang to penetrate into the interior. At the Yin-kow station of the Chinese Eastern Railway, that being the port of Newchwang, he gets his first taste of what Russification of Manchuria really means, and if he is an American he feels something like the Russian immigrant must feel when he finally lands at Castle Garden. For some months it was believed that no attempt would be made by the Russians to fortify Newchwang. Nevertheless, it was a strategic point on the railway, and unless fortified left the road exposed across a weak zone of twelve miles of flat plain. Early in the spring General Linievitch visited the place and ordered that preparations for its defense be made not only along the Liao River, but also along the coast from the river to Kai-chow, near the railway.

The old Chinese fort, on the east bank of the river, was garrisoned, and gun practice began.

An amusing incident, illustrating the remarkable accuracy of the Russian fire, occurred about this time. An official order had been promulgated prohibiting pilot-boats from all but certain areas of the waters about Newchwang. One night we heard a terrific bombardment and rushed down to the river, expecting at least a Japanese fleet or an army division in transports attempting to land. After waiting on the bund for an hour, two pilot-boats sailed up slowly and the captains came ashore. We eagerly surrounded them, hungry for news. Yes, they had heard the firing, but had not been able to make out what the forts were firing at. They had seen no other boats and had just dropped in to see how trade was at Newchwang. There was nothing for us to do but saddle our horses and ride down the river to the fort. When we got there everything was in the greatest excitement. The commander informed us that two pilot-boats of the Japanese had just been seen in the part of the river forbidden to navigation and had been fired on and sunk. We forgot to smile in our wrath at being kept up all night.

Martial law was soon after declared over Newchwang, and a hitherto unheard-of situation created. Newchwang was a treaty port in which foreigners were supposed to enjoy a citizenship equivalent to that of their countrymen at home. In many ways the change was so peculiar as to deserve more than a passing statement. Newchwang was occupied by Russian forces in the summer of 1900 because of the Boxer troubles, and policed. At the same time Alexieff issued a statement that there would be no interference with treaty rights and that the port would remain open as before. Attempts were made afterward by the local Russian authorities to encroach upon neutral rights, but, except in the important respect of filching the customs receipts from China and managing the customs office, they were unsuccessful. The Powers maintained their rights and prerogatives until March 27th of the present year, when the civil administration proclaimed the viceroy's order that the town and port were in a state of war, and that all persons, without distinction of jurisdiction and nationality, dwelling within the territory, were placed under Russian military law.

The effect was to annul consular jurisdiction, treaty rights, and extra-territoriality in the port, and virtually to appropriate what before belonged to China. The foreign consuls, at first unable to comprehend the full meaning of the ordinance, called on the civil administration for an explanation. The civil administrator told them flatly that their jurisdiction was intended to be annulled by the viceroy's order, and that it had no other meaning. He agreed that until they received instructions from their governments it would not be insisted on, and a few days later, in conformity with their instructions, they relinquished their jurisdictions and remained as the councilors and advisers only of the few foreigners who were left in the city.

The American gun-boat *Helena* left toward the end

of April, and the British gun-boat *Espiegle* only remained as the protector of foreign interests. The only other fighting ship in the harbor was the Russian gun-boat *Sivoutch*. This vessel is of steel, with a length of 187 feet 6 inches, and a beam of 35 feet, of 950 tons. She carries one 9-inch, one 6-inch gun, and six 9-pounders, and five 1-pound quick-firers. The *Espiegle* is a sloop, also of steel; length, 185 feet, and a beam of 32 feet, a tonnage of 1,070, and carries six 4-inch and four 3-pound quick-fire, and three Maxim, guns. The Russian boat has a complement of 100 men, and the English 113. The day before the *Helena* left, a shipping order, subjecting all vessels to a military inspection five and a half miles below the fort, was published, and a censorship of all telegraphic communications established. The workings of a censorship my well be appreciated in this instance in regard to a dispatch I wished to send out concerning this shipping order. My dispatch was as follows, the underlined parts being added by the blue pencil of the censor, and the bracketed part being cut out by the same instrument of my enemy:

Russian authorities reply to inquiry of consuls regarding recent shipping order, that assisting Japanese ships in waters leading to Newchwang would subject the offending pilot to (being shot) same treatment as a Russian subject, the military authorities having declared the town under martial law. On the other hand, pilots could be compelled to pilot Russian ships or to leave the port. The result would be the absolute violation of the neutrality of the United States, as far as American citizens are concerned remaining in a town proclaimed under Russian military law. Russians hold foreigners same as Russian subjects. Consuls as foreign residents assisting Japanese are belligerents, and not to be treated as Russian subjects.

With the mutilated dispatch I received the following grotesque letter:

My dear Mr. —:

I beg to suggest to leave out the word "shot"—why do you wish to frighten peaceful readers?

Yours truly,

Placing the town and port under military law, issuing this shipping order, abrogating the authority of the consuls, and establishing the military press censorship have made Newchwang the westernmost barrier of the Russian defenses—their last fortified position on the Liao-tung gulf coast. Barracks and defenses have been erected along the coast, five-inch guns mounted at important points, and field artillery taken down to the fort ready for action at any moment. Innumerable mines have been laid in the Liao River and the neighboring waters; yet such is the difficulty attending the defense of the town that even with much more efficient preparation than the Russians have seen fit to make, it would fall an easy prey to the Japanese whenever they deem it necessary to their plan of campaign in Manchuria. Theoretically it forms a splendid base from which to conduct both the campaign against Port Arthur and Kuropatkin, but practically it is useless as long as there is the slightest danger to be apprehended from the fleet at Port Arthur. This is the reason for the seeming neglect of Newchwang.

A. B. R.

JASPER'S HINTS TO MONEY-MAKERS

NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests. Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, at regular subscription rates, namely, \$4 per annum, are placed on a preferred list, entitling them to the early delivery of the papers, and, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. Address "Jasper," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

TELEGRAMS and letters from a great many of my faithful friends and followers urge me to tell them why I do not go with the majority who have been proclaiming the optimistic view of things in Wall Street. On every rise in the stock market the vast majority ranges itself quickly on the bull side. That is because the majority makes money by a rise and loses by a fall in stocks and bonds. Bears are comparatively few, though, during the recent liquidation, the bear side, under the suggestion, advice, and inspiration of a horde of bucket-shops, has been made more popular with small speculators, greatly to their risk and discomfort.

I beg my readers to recall that the bull side is the popular side with most financial writers. Even during the height of the fantastic boom of 1901 and 1902, when the market was crazy, these writers insisted that all stocks and bonds would sell on a 2½ per cent. basis. It is amusing to recall what was written at that time by those largely in the pay of promoters loaded with stocks freshly manufactured and ready for distribution to an eager, excited, and intoxicated public. While this was going on "Jasper" was urging his readers to sell and to get away from the financial whirlpool. On April 6th, 1901, I was laughed at and called all manner of names, because I

dared thus express my opinion of the situation:

At such a time, when everything seems to be swimming along on the high tide of prosperity, many timid buyers will rush in, believing that the bull movement will never end. This is a better time to keep out than to rush into things. Those who get into the market on the highest plane are usually left in possession of stocks that the large operators have skillfully unloaded.

But things are different now, it is true. Stocks are on a lower level all around. The question is, Are they low enough—have they struck the normal plane? I do not think so, and I hold this position just as I held it during the height of the boom, not because I have pride of opinion or have any advantage personally to gain. I hold it now, as I did then, because I sincerely believe that I am right. I do not say that conditions are not apparently somewhat better than they were earlier in the year. Every day that is fairly favorable to good crops of cotton, wheat, corn, and other cereals is a day gained. It does not mean that flood and frost and hot waves may not ultimately inflict serious damage, but it means a lessened danger. The nomination of a sound-money Democrat on his declaration of sincere adherence to a gold platform is certainly a gain, inasmuch as it removes any possibility of the election of a President with wild notions of finance and wilder ideas of the relations of capital and labor. Money has become a drug in the market, largely because of the increasing business depression. This has opened opportunities for bull leaders to obtain the funds they need in their campaign.

But certain things must constantly be borne in mind. First of all, we must have, in the natural order of things, reports of

damages to the crops such as always and inevitably occur to a greater or less degree every summer. Our greatest cereal crop, corn, will not be really out of danger from frost until early in September, and, with the crop maturing later than usual, perhaps toward the middle of that month. We may have an enormous cotton crop, but if so it will sell at much lower prices than have heretofore prevailed, and in the aggregate yield less to its producers than the crop of the preceding year. The war in the East is involving an expenditure estimated at a million dollars a day. Russia has just secured a loan of over \$60,000,000 at 5 per cent. at less than par in Germany. Japan's 6 per cent. loan sells at a little above 90, and further issues are impending. With these government bonds, paying generous rates of interest, seeking the surplus investment funds of all the great money capitals, how much will be left to buy our 4 per cent. securities on the basis of par?

Within a few weeks the call for money from the West, for the regular crop movement, will begin. No one knows how heavy it will be, or what effect it may have on our money market. If the call is heavy and the drain as persistent as it was a year ago, interest rates are bound to advance to the normal, and this must promptly check any tendency toward over-speculation. Every one admits that there is to be more of a struggle over the presidential election this year than had been anticipated before the holding of the St. Louis convention. Does any one deny that the probability or even possibility of a change in the administration at Washington would necessarily involve an attack on the protective tariff, and consequent unsettlement of business

conditions throughout the country? We have not had the last of our great strikes. Is it a matter of small consequence when seventy-five thousand workers in the meat-packing houses in leading cities throughout the country leave their places to strike, and practically tie up business interests aggregating a hundred millions of dollars, affecting two million farmers and stockmen, and the freight traffic in important products on our principal railways?

The basis of the recent rise in the stock market was manipulation, founded on cheap and abundant money and supported by the enormous dividend and interest disbursements of July 1st, aggregating, according to some estimates, as high as \$150,000,000. Large financial institutions found themselves with an abundance of surplus funds on hand. Many individuals were in the same comfortable situation. Stocks and bonds of good repute, yielding 4 per cent., were immediately sought for by these institutions and individuals, and this demand gave strength to the market, and manipulation added to it.

One of the oldest and most experienced and wealthiest financiers on the Street, whose knowledge goes back nearly forty years, put the case in a nutshell when he said to me recently that the rise had gone far enough and that stocks must seek a lower level before they went much higher. "But," he added, "I am not a pessimist; I am only a conservative." This is precisely my own attitude. If I had a profit on such a rise I certainly would take it, in the full hope and belief that I could buy my stocks back before election day at a lower figure, and be prepared, on the next rise, to take

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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

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another profit. None of us is infallible. We are all liable to make mistakes, and if we make them honestly we are all entitled to be forgiven; but I speak with some knowledge and experience, extending over a quarter of a century, of the conduct and course of Wall Street. I observe that those who are so strongly proclaiming belief that the worst has been passed; that abundant crops are assured; that tight money and gold exports are no longer to be anticipated; that the presidential election is a matter of little consequence, and that the business depression has already ceased, are mostly younger men whose wings have not been singed more than once or twice in Wall Street, and who will not enjoy the lessons that experience teaches until they have paid a higher price for them.

"Erie," Detroit: Anonymous communications not answered.

"M.," Minneapolis: Preference continued for three months.

"F.," Madison, Wis.: I can obtain no report, and it is not dealt in on Wall Street.

"Ranier," The Central of Ga. col. trust 65 stand well.

"A.," Duluth, Minn.: None of the parties is a member of the Stock Exchange. Why not deal with a first-class broker and have a sense of security?

"Rock Island," Railroad Steel Spring is moderately capitalized, as compared with most of the industrials. Its earnings are quite satisfactory. I would not sacrifice it at this time.

"M.," Brattleboro, Vt.: You are a free moral agent and can do as you please. After asking my advice, your letter is hardly courteous. Suppose you wait a little longer. Perhaps you may reverse yourself and apologize.

"Galveston," Tex.: You are the one who is not posted. "Jasper" reported the retirement of the illegal issue of bonds of the San Antonio and A. P. Railway some time ago. The bonds quoted on Wall Street are the legalized issue.

"K.," Everett, Mass.: Complaint should be made to the business department. 1. It is always well to take a fair profit and let some one else have the last cent. 2. I cannot advise, because the situation changes almost daily. You must keep in close touch with it.

"G.," Duluth: 1. The tip to buy Northern Securities has been on the market ever since the merger, and you know what its ups and downs have been. The litigation is not yet over, and it is usually a bad thing to buy into a lawsuit. 2. Note weekly suggestions. 3. Not permanently.

"D.," Conn.: 1. Always mention your *nom de plume*. The demand for stocks shifts from one group to another, sometimes at very short notice. You can pick out the active stocks by noticing the number of shares sold from day to day. 2. The *Sun's* financial reports are good, but it has been on the bull side quite persistently since the boom of 1901. 3. Note weekly suggestions.

"S.," Salem, O.: Preference continued for three months. It is perfectly easy for brokers, after a stock has had an advance, to issue a circular and tell that they had advised its purchase, and that therefore they must be regarded as great prophets. Did it ever occur to you that if these men can make so much money on sure things they would make it for themselves? The concern has no rating.

"L. H. B.," Brooklyn: You are on my preferred list for six months. It is always perfectly safe to assume that any individual or institution that offers such abnormal profits to investors as from 3 to 4-1-2 per cent. per month is simply a get-rich-quick scheme which, sooner or later, must come to grief. That has been the invariable result, and those who get out of such schemes before the final cataclysm may count themselves peculiarly fortunate.

"G.," Seneca Falls: I am asking for the information you require. If the American Ice Company had not foolishly paid dividends on the common, and had set aside the amount thus paid as working capital, I believe it could have continued dividends on the preferred to this day. It is too early, I am told, to estimate the earnings of the current year. We have hardly had more than a month of real summer weather. Last year, while the summer was late in coming, it was also late in going, and the earning period was protracted into fall. The same thing may occur this year, and if it does the showing ought to be very satisfactory.

"Notnac": 1. I would not operate in such a market as this on such a slender margin as five points, either way. I have repeatedly given this advice and it is conservative. 2. Inter. Mer. Marine is the Morgan shipping trust. But for the extraordinary depression in the ocean-freightage business, this stock would sell much higher. This depression cannot last forever. 3. I never have advised the purchase of Manhattan Transit. It is altogether too much of a gamble. 4. Unless one is well equipped for speculation and with considerable experience in Wall Street, he had better keep away from it at present. 5. I know nothing of it. Preference continued for three months.

"W.," St. Mary's, Penn.: Any one familiar with the local traction situation knows that Metropolitan has been watered almost to death; that it has been so juggled with that the 7 per cent. guarantee is such apparently only in name. The subway about to be opened will no doubt get some of its traffic, just as the elevated has done since the latter's electrical plant has been installed, but there is always a chance that the Metropolitan will be taken in by local traction interests which seek to control everything in sight, and which virtually have everything but Metropolitan and B. R. T. What price these would pay for Metropolitan would depend on how much of it they control, for their own profit is always the primary consideration.

"Krow": 1. Yes. 2. Thanks for the offer of the Corn Products proxies. If the stockholders' committee means business I will turn the proxy over to it in due season. 3. Many problems are still unsettled in this country just now. When money tightens I look for a decided slackening of bull manipulation in Wall Street. 4. If the manipulators are able to keep the market moving, they, no doubt, will

put up the low-priced as well as the investment shares, but I doubt a ten-point rise in many of the non-dividend payers. The Rock Island, through its ownership of Frisco common stock, has secured control of the latter corporation, and what it will do with it depends upon the exigencies of the situation and the emergencies of as bold a gang of speculators as Wall Street has ever seen.

"P.," Providence, R. I.: 1. The report that the Canadian Pacific was to bring out a new stock issue has been denied, but many believe that the advance in Canadian Pacific has been manipulated with a view to putting out a new issue on a higher basis. 2. The earnings of Inter. Mercantile Marine for the past year, after paying interest charges and setting aside nearly \$1,500,000 for insurance account, showed a surplus of only \$355,000, a decrease of over \$6,000,000 compared with the average for the preceding five years. The ocean transportation business throughout the world is suffering from its worst depression just now. Some day it will have a revival, and then those who retain their Int. Mer. Marine shares, purchased at present prices, will, in my judgment, receive a substantial profit.

"B.," Camden, Ark.: 1. Reading common sold last year between 38 and 63, and this year from 39 to 53. We hear much talk of the retirement of the second preferred and of the possibilities of payment of dividends on the common. Obviously, a little crowd of insiders has better information regarding the outcome of the situation than any one else, and this crowd is smart enough and speculative enough to keep its knowledge to itself. I have said that when Reading declined it was a good stock to speculate in for quick turns. That is the best that I can say, as I am not in the confidence of the insiders. 2. Metropolitan must suffer from the opening of the subway, which will be its strongest competitor. For this reason some have believed that control of the property might be yielded under favorable terms to the Interborough, but this is another case where one man's guess is as good as another's.

"S. B.," New York: The only favorable news reported officially regarding the Steel Trust, in some weeks, has been the announcement that the Homestead mills are to run day and night. Official organs of the iron and steel trade see nothing particularly encouraging in the outlook, and it is a fact that prices, compared with a year ago, show a very serious decline. For instance, Bessemer Pig was quoted at Pittsburg in July, 1902, at \$25.25 per ton, a year ago at \$18.75, and now at \$12.25. It has been reported that parties who were loaded with Steel bonds and the preferred shares made up a pool to advance the prices of both so as to let them out whole, but unless there is a distinct revival in the iron trade, I do not see how the full 7-per-cent. dividends on the preferred can be continued much longer. They certainly would not be if the customary charges for depreciation were made against earnings.


"S. S. S.," Mass.: 1. Every time the market has a little advance, my readers, or a few of them, get on the anxious seat and begin to inquire if the turn has not come at last, and if the market is not discounting the good times of next year. In the first place, no one knows whether next year will bring good times or bad times. So far as crops are concerned there is no assurance until they are gathered that they will meet the expectations of the present. If any one sees in the business and industrial situation a decided improvement in affairs, let him mention on what he bases his conclusions. 2. Atchison common, as I have repeatedly said, is well protected by insiders, who seem to have abundant resources as long as the money market is easy. Hence the danger of short sales. Stocks have had their recent rapid advance largely because they were oversold, and I have constantly pointed out the danger of a top-heavy short interest.

"Banker," Bangor, Me.: 1. The demand for capital abroad appears to be heavier than at home. The recent failure of the Cape of Good Hope loan—only about 30 per cent. of it having been taken by public subscription in London—is evidence of this fact. I do not believe that the present cheapness of money in the New York market will continue into fall. 2. The statements given out in reference to the earnings of Steel Trust are not announced as official, though why the public should not be kept informed I do not know. One of the inducements to the public to purchase the stock was the announcement that full reports of earnings would be made regularly. The estimated earnings for the past quarter indicated that the Steel Trust is making about half as much as it was a year ago. I am wondering whether the declaration of the regular dividend on the preferred will be followed, as it was last time, by a slump in the stock.

"R.," Cohoes, N. Y.: 1. Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, is the Christopher Columbus of the stock market. He is the great discoverer of new things, many of which turn out to be old. He is as eccentric in his movements as genius is always said to be. I cannot help thinking that when he advises the purchase of Copper Range, and couples his advice with the statement that he has parted with his holdings, he is less or more than human. Lawson has never been accused of being in the stock market solely for his health. But this is a great country and Boston is a great place, and Lawson one of its greatest characters. 2. The strength of Union Pacific manifested itself when the Harriman contention over the Northern Securities decision began. That contention made the control of Union Pacific of considerable consequence, for if Harriman's views were upheld by the court, U. P. would master the situation. Many believe that purchases for control, as much as anything else, have been the basis of the recent strength of U. P.

"Vindex": 1. You have not read my column very diligently, or you would have seen what I have repeatedly said about M. K. and T. preferred. Standard Oil interests are largely concerned in this property, and they do not seem to be in a hurry to see it advanced. Dividends on the preferred, at the rate of 3 or 4 per cent., many believe, could be paid. In an active market it is quite a favorite for speculation. 2. Louisville and Nashville is handled by a skillful clique of Wall Street manipulators. For investment it looks high enough. 3. Unless Union Pacific is to pay more than 4 per cent., there is no reason why it should advance, excepting that there may be a struggle for control, arising out of the contention in the merger suit. If the courts decide in favor of Harriman he will control the Northern Pacific, and this will give the Union Pacific and its allies a dominant position in the Pacific Railway situation, a position that will invite competition and possibly provoke disaster. There was a large short interest in Union Pacific which helped the advance amazingly.


Continued on page 94.



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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

Continued from page 93

"H." Peoria, Ill.: No.
 "G. W." Milwaukee: Preference continued for one year.
 "J." Wheeling, W. Va.: Preference continued for one year.
 "E." New Hartford, N. Y.: Preference continued for three months.
 "M." Middletown, Conn.: Preference continued for three months.
 "F. B." 888 Forest: I regard them favorably, though not gilt-edged.
 "T." Tomah, Wis.: Not an investment and not a very good speculation.
 "S." Munhall, Penn.: I advise you to communicate with the receiver.
 "C." Troy, N. Y.: Two dollars received and preference continued for six months.
 "L. C.": The capital is very large, and I would much prefer to put my money in something nearer home.

"J." Lee, Mass.: Write to the secretary of the Produce Exchange, New York, inclosing stamp for reply.

"W. G. C." Poughkeepsie: Nothing is known about the paint company on Wall Street and no report is available.

"F." Nashville, Tenn.: Appreciate your compliment. I do not believe as much in charts as I do in pilots, especially on a long and dangerous journey.

"D." Worcester, Mass.: An effort to obtain accurate information from the officers of the property resulted in failure. One of the principal officers is regarded as an unreliable character.

"N." Ocean Grove, and "D. S." New York: Irregularly in receipt of your paper concerns the mailing department of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and not "Jasper." I have referred your letter accordingly.
 "S. St." New York: The people's Gas refunding is not a gilt-edged investment. They would be, but for constant legislative and municipal interference with the corporations of Chicago.

"S." Orange, Mass.: Preferred for three months. The Shannon mine seems to be a fairly good but not very rich property and has a rather conservative management. It is not an investment, but a fair speculation.

"Camille": The general belief that ultimately Cuba must become an integral part of this government adds to the investment value of the new republic's bonds. Paying 5 per cent., they would sell much higher if they were really considered beyond the possibilities of doubt.

"D. P. L." Pennsylvania: Two dollars received. You are on my preferred list for six months. St. Louis Southwestern preferred sold last year from 24 to 66, and this year from 25 1-2 to 36 3-4. I see no prospect of dividends in the near future, and, except from a speculative standpoint, there is nothing attractive in either the common or preferred.

"J." Watertown: It is very inactive, and I only know that orders to purchase at market prices are not easily filled. It is the belief that insiders are purchasing. I know that strict economies are being enforced, and that if the weather is as warm as the average an excellent result will be shown. I do not expect a prolonged bull movement at this time.

"Pomona": 1. No. 2. Both have equal merit; perhaps So preferred would give the greater satisfaction. 3. Any 4 per cent. bond selling around 70 is far from a gilt-edged investment. 4. Amer. Woolen preferred, on its earning basis, seems to be as safe as U. S. Leather preferred, but the latter has a large amount of cumulative dividends unpaid, which must some day be met.

"F. 75": 1. The North Star Copper Company was organized four years ago with a capital of \$1,000,000. It has nine claims, covering 180 acres. The capital looks large. 2. The Seaboard Copper Company was organized two years ago. Its mines are in Virginia, and it appears to be doing development work mainly. I see nothing particularly attractive to investors in such propositions.

"M." Troy, N. Y.: Preferred for three months. The earnings of the Steel Trust on the very best estimate, for the current quarter, barely pay the dividend on the preferred. No one knows whether a sufficient amount for depreciation has been charged off. I believe it has not, and that if the dividend was not cumulative it would be reduced. If I could sell my Steel shares without a loss I certainly would sell them. The bonds are much the safer purchase.

"T." Troy, N. Y.: Preference given for three months. I do not believe the market can maintain its strength in the face of doubtful crop conditions, a doubtful presidential election, and a doubtful money market. Southern Pacific was absorbed by Harriman interests at less than the prices at which the stock has recently been selling. The holdings of the Keene pool were bought at higher figures.

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Whenever these parties can get their money back they will be ready to sell.

"D." Hanover, N. H.: 1. Two of the companies for which Douglas, Lacey & Co. are fiscal agents have passed their dividends, namely, the Gold Tunnel Company, of Nevada City, and the Union Consolidated Refining Company, of Los Angeles. 2. The reduction of 12 1-2 per cent. in wages at the Fall River cotton mills, the second cut within a year, brings the new wages down to those of nearly ten years ago, and is further evidence that the business depression is intensifying.

"Cape Cod": One dollar received. You are on my preferred list for three months. 1. The situation is still unsettled. There is no greater reason for a rise in the market now than there was six months ago. Liquidation is not over, and business has not yet reached its lowest ebb, if we are to be governed by the experiences of the past and the laws of trade. 2. Yes; but it is more liable to benefit the Wabash than any other road, and the Wabash controls Wheeling and Lake Erie.

"B." Allentown, N. J., and "M. A. C. B.": The recent rise in Copper Range seems to have been brought about by the effort of Thomas W. Lawson. His rosy description of the property and his remarkable prophecies of its future have stimulated purchases. It is a highly speculative stock, as will be appreciated when I recall that it sold in 1902 from 43 to 65, in 1903 from 37 to 75 a share, and is once more, under the pressure of speculation, climbing upward. Of course it must be more or less of a gamble under the circumstances.

"S. Y." Asbury Park, N. J.: 1. The annual report of Int. Steam Pump showed a decrease in profits of about \$250,000. The funded debt increased by about the same amount. The surplus, after payment of dividends on the common, is only about \$100,000, a decrease from last year of over \$400,000. I doubt if the dividends on the common can be continued, unless business improves. 2. The suit against the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company was brought by Henry Gardner, a stockholder, who charges wastefulness and extravagance in the management and asks for an accounting.

"G." Augusta, Ga.: Preferred for three months. 1. Kan. City Southern preferred sold last year from 29 to 61 and this year from 31 to 44. A surplus applicable to dividends on the preferred is shown, but the road needs improvements and betterments. It is believed that it will be absorbed by a larger line on a profitable basis, some day, and for that reason the preferred has been regarded as having speculative merit. 2. Until the speculative management of Corn Products is suppressed or displaced, one must gamble on its future prospects. 3. Southern Railway preferred, considering the dividends it pays, is not dear.

"M." Athens, Tenn.: 1. I have repeatedly given reasons why I do not believe that we can have a midsummer boom in the stock market. The uncertainties regarding the crops, the money market, the presidential contest, and the effect of the far-reaching war in the East continue, and stocks are far from the level on which the advance was begun over three years ago. It is possible that manipulation will be able to prevent a serious liquidation, but that will be quite unusual. 2. The power that large moneyed interests wield when acting in harmony is such that there is great danger in short sales, unless one is abundantly able to protect himself.

"Subscriber," Honesdale: I doubt very much if the dividend on U. P. will be increased, and I know it should not be increased, in view of the growing business depression which is affecting all railroad systems. But only insiders know what will be done in reference to this matter and also in reference to the proposed dividend on So. Pacific common. It is easy to see that if the Harriman interests conclude to declare annual dividends at the rate of 3 per cent. on So. Pacific, they can avail themselves of this knowledge to make a handsome profit in purchases of So. Pacific before the public is advised of the dividend action. It is because insiders have this advantage that it is dangerous to short either U. P. or S. P.

"J." Pittsburg: Complaints in reference to the mailing department should be made to the business office, not to me. If you have had much experience with the stock market you must have observed that special influences usually operate to advance special stocks. Meanwhile, others may stand entirely dormant for months, and it is in these stocks that the best buying opportunities are to be found, because the chances are that insiders, with information favorable to a stock, will keep the quotations as low and transactions as small as possible, until they have purchased all that they can carry, or until they can no longer conceal their plans. Patience is one of the primary virtues of every man who deals in Wall Street.

"F. W. T." Chicago: 1. I should think your chances were even if you have patience. 2. The report that Schwab and the Jones & Laughlin Co. both intend to build steel-tube mills in competition with the Steel Trust may or may not be confined, but the fact remains that new steel corporations like Lackawanna Steel can compete with the trust on more than even terms, because the latter is so notoriously over-capitalized. If Steel preferred can earn and pay 7 per cent. dividends it would sell much higher, and the fact that it has been dragging around at its present price is evidence that insiders do not believe very strongly in its future. The danger of selling it short, however, is shown by the recent rise, due largely to manipulation. If Steel preferred were a good investment Mr. Schwab would not have closed out his holdings.

"A. B. C.": 1. A number of bull movements have been inaugurated during the past year, all of them short-lived, but it has been difficult for traders to select stocks which were safe to sell short, because cliques and combinations turned up unexpectedly behind various properties, and with their inside knowledge were able to milk the market both ways. It is a dangerous game in a liquidating market. 2. The flow of money from New York toward the West, for crop-moving purposes, usually begins early in the fall, and sometimes toward the closing days of summer. If this movement involves a serious drain on our cash resources it will promptly check any tendency to higher prices. 3. The lowest prices of the fall are more liable to be had toward election day, if there is serious doubt as to the outcome of the presidential contest.

"Automatic": Preferred for six months. 1. I have not changed my mind regarding the market, and still believe that manipulation is largely responsible for the rise, and that the public will not lend itself to a bull movement under existing conditions. 2. The fact that every one has the tip to buy U. P., S. P., and Atchison common is pretty good evidence that insiders are seeking a market on which to unload. In the case of U. P., in view of the developments in the merger suit, its strength is clearly due in part to the unique position the property holds. Under certain circumstances it might be the key to the situation, and a contest for its control might arise. Of course it is in the power of the Harriman interests to increase the dividend, but that would not be regarded by investors as a conservative move. 3. With anything like reasonable weather this summer, there is reason for your hope. 4. If I had a large amount of money to invest I would hold it until nearer election day, certainly until after we had more conclusive knowledge of the crop situation and the presidential outlook. 5. Manhattan Elevated, Del. and Hudson, Del. Lack. and Western, and So. common.

"W." New Orleans: Preference continued for six months. 1. The railway equipment business, you must remember, makes enormous profits during boom times, and is paralyzed in the times, while domestic necessities vary little in their sales in good or bad times. Amer. Car and Foundry, at prevailing prices in the stock market, averaging the preferred at 70 and the common at 20, would give a total

value of \$27,000,000 for a business whose profits have fallen off 50 per cent. during the past year. The \$15,000,000 American Ice preferred averaged at 25, and the \$22,000,000 common at 7, would not indicate a value as great as the selling price of American Car common alone. Yet the ice business this year, it is believed, will yield better results than last. Your figures are interesting, but they do not change the committee's conclusions. So far as property interests are concerned, I still believe that there is as great equity in American Ice common as in Car and Foundry common. I mean, of course, in the future, with an honest and not a speculative management of the ice company. 2. One can speculate as to the value of Lawson's tips and reach a conclusion either way. If he values his reputation at anything, he is taking many hazards in recommending Copper Range as he does for trustees and estates. This is so bold that it is almost ridiculous. No estate ought to invest trust funds in a mining proposition. It is too much under ground. 3. Yes.
 "C." Cambridge, Mass.: 1. Chic. and Alton, after the Harriman syndicate purchased it and leased it to a new company, called the Chicago and Alton Railway, was loaded down with new obligations. Its capital was virtually doubled, though its earning power shows an increase of only a little over 10 per cent. In 1899 the bonds on the road amounted to about \$18,500,000. Now they are \$40,500,000. I have no doubt that by the sale of these bonds the syndicate secured all the money they needed to buy the property, leaving the watered stock on their hands all profit. This is the way that fortunes were made in a single day during the boom era. The rumor that Chic. and Alton is to be unloaded on Union Pacific discloses the milk in the Harriman cocoon. 2. The fact that during the recent rise manipulation, aided to some extent by legitimate purchases, was able to advance such stocks as Atchison common, Northwestern, D. and H., L. and N., and Manhattan about ten points each, is accepted by many careful and experienced investors as satisfactory evidence that whenever these stocks go back to the low level of 1904 they can be safely picked up by patient waiters for a profitable turn, no matter how poor the outlook may be. Whether they will go back or not, however, depends on the attitude of the manipulators toward the market—for they may change to the short side at any day—and also on the crop news, the money market, and presidential election chances.
 NEW YORK, July 21st, 1904. JASPER.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address "Hermit," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

I AM REMINDED by the query of a reader in regard to what is best for a man to do who is insured in an old-line company and finds himself, for one reason or another, unable to keep up his premiums, of the old adage that it is better never to cross a bridge until you come to it. Nevertheless, as such emergencies do sometimes occur, it is well to add that all standard companies have long had a provision for policy-holders in just such cases, by allowing the insured to take one of three things—a paid-up policy, or a cash-surrender value, or he may take what is called extended insurance for a fixed term of years; that is, he may remain insured against death for a given period to the extent of the face value of his policy. Which of these three offers it is best for a man to accept depends, of course, very largely upon individual circumstances and conditions.

From the immediate point of view, the pleasantest is to take the surrender value. That puts the cash in a man's pocket, and, if he and his family are in hard straits, helps to tide matters along for a time. But the receipt and use of the money would be accompanied by the certain knowledge that unless he could improve his position while it lasted, the expenditure of the last dollar would leave him and them in a worse condition than before. The alternative offered in the form of a paid-up policy is, in many cases, the best of all. The policy will have to be paid, in this case, even though death be deferred for many years and the insured continues to have the benefit of the protection.

There is this objection to a paid-up policy—it is, as a rule, for a comparatively small amount; it is always, at least, for a sum considerably less than the original policy. If the insured's state of health, or his age, is such as to negative the possibility of a long life, it will clearly be seen that the privilege of extended insurance has a special advantage for the beneficiaries, who, in this case, receive the full face value of the original policy.

"Puzzled": 1. No; it would involve too much risk. 2. Term insurance can be had from almost any of the companies, and I would confine myself to the strongest and best.
 "P." New York: It would be best to write directly to the company, presenting the facts and asking for a square answer. If it is not given you, appeal to the State superintendent of insurance.
 "G. B." Danville, Penn.: I am decidedly opposed to assessment insurance of any kind, and cannot recommend a fraternal order doing this kind of a business, because I feel assured that in the end the result must be unsatisfactory.

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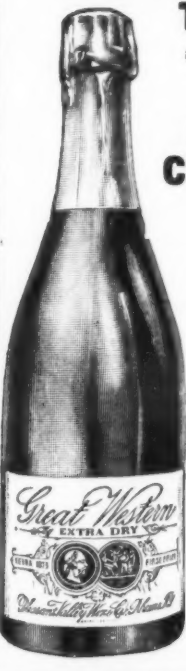
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THE Studebaker Vehicle, Harness and Automobile Exhibits at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition are the most elaborate and extensive of the kind ever attempted. They occupy nearly 10,000 square feet of floor space in the Transportation building, north entrance—"Look for the big flag." To fitly commemorate the event the Studebakers have issued a handsome souvenir, profusely illustrated in colors, in which are shown the leading types of modern vehicles and accessories required for business or pleasure driving.

The souvenir, which is in the form of a railroad folder, contains a map of the Exposition grounds and buildings, beautifully printed in colors; also a bird's-eye of the Exposition and a street and railway map of the city of St. Louis, features of great benefit to the sight-seer, and almost a necessity to every intending visitor to this greatest of all World's Fairs.

A copy may be had FREE by mail for two-cent stamp, or by application at the Company's exhibits in Transportation building.

Address Dept. A,
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Special Prizes for Amateur Photographs.

ATTENTION is called to three new special pictorial contests in which the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY are invited to engage. A prize of \$10 will be given for the finest St. Louis exposition picture reaching us by September 1st; a prize of \$10 for the most acceptable Thanksgiving Day picture coming to hand by November 1st; and a prize of \$10 for the picture, arriving by December 4th, which reveals most satisfactorily the spirit of the Christmas-tide. These contests are all attractive, and should bring out many competitors.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. We offer a prize of \$5 for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and to that which bears a special relation to news events. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for their return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and \$1 will be paid for each photograph we may use. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing except the name and address of the sender should appear on the back of the photograph, except when letter postage is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the makers. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Mat-surface paper is not suitable for reproduction. Photographs entered are not always used. They are subject to return if they are ultimately found unavailable in making up the photographic contest. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners. The contest is open to all readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, whether subscribers or not.

N. B.—All communications should be specifically addressed to "Leslie's Weekly, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York." When the address is not fully given, communications sometimes go to "Leslie's Magazine" or other publications having no connection with LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Business Chances Abroad

WE HAVE frequently called attention to the various methods employed by Germany for the advancement of her trade in foreign parts, to her commercial museums, and especially to the plans adopted for securing the co-operation of German consuls in building up foreign trade. We have yet much to learn along these lines. That American foreign trade has witnessed such a wonderful increase in recent years has been due rather to the superior quality of our goods, which speak for themselves, than to intelligent and systematic efforts on the part of our manufacturers or our government. Had we adopted the German system it is easy to believe that our foreign trade might be very much greater. For the last twenty or thirty years Germany has been doing a great deal of hard work to secure and to maintain a place in foreign markets. The number of agencies employed to assist in this work is very large. From the huge subsidies granted by the German government to the steamship companies down to the humble letter of a hillside laborer is a long way, but it is a way filled with all forms of effort. Some years ago there were formed all over the empire, in connection with, and not infrequently independent of, the colonial movement, export unions. Among the most famous, as well as most important of these, Stuttgart's and Dresden's may be mentioned. After a time it occurred to the directing agencies of these bodies that a good way to aid merchants and manufacturers was by gathering catalogues, samples, etc. Commissions, consisting of experts in commerce and manufactures, were sent into all parts of the world for the purpose of studying and reporting on foreign markets. Quite a number of such expert commissions are always on the road. There was one, at least, in the United States recently. It had at its head a minister of state, a member of the Emperor's Cabinet.

THE MARKET for goods of any kind in the Canary Islands is never liable to be very large, but the region is easily accessible to the United States, and if a little effort was put forth our manufacturers and exporters might secure a fair share of the trade. British and German houses have representatives in the Canaries throughout the year, but no American house has ever seemed to think it worth while to do anything of the kind. In spite of this neglect, however, American goods have been finding their way into the island markets in considerable quantities, and the trade should be much larger. All the petroleum imported at Teneriffe during 1902 came from the United States, and so did nearly all the pitch-pine used in the islands. All the tobacco coming into the Canary Islands is of American origin, and the annual value is about \$100,000. It is imported by the way of Liverpool and Hamburg. Manufactured tobacco also comes from the United States, except cigars and cigarettes. The quickest way of shipping goods from the United States is by the Spanish Transatlantic Company, which has a steamer leaving New York on the first of every month for Cadiz, where goods are transhipped to another steamer of the same line, which arrives at Teneriffe the 18th of every month. Another way is by the White Star Line to Liverpool, and thence by the African Steamship Company, the latter line having weekly sailings to the Canary Islands. Both of these lines issue through bills of lading to any port in the islands.

AN EXCELLENT plan for widening the market for American goods is suggested by Mr. John Grout, our consul at Valleta, on the island of Malta. It seems that the Austro-Hungarian consul-general at Malta has recently opened a commercial museum there for the display of samples of goods from his own country, and an enterprise of the same kind for American manufacturers is proposed by Mr. Grout. He thinks that if a few manufacturers would join in contributing to a fund to cover expenses—which would not be heavy—and send samples of goods that Malta could use, there would be good returns. The New York and Mediterranean Steamship Company now runs vessels direct from New York to Malta, and satisfactory arrangements as to freight rates could doubtless be

made. Among the classes of goods that might be sent, Mr. Grout suggests shelf hardware, carpenters' tools, food stuffs, dry-goods, soaps, men's furnishings, lamp goods, stationery, pianos, musical instruments for band or orchestra, and house fittings. During the past four years the imports of American goods to Malta have risen in value from the end of a list of twenty exporting countries to fifth in position, and, with a little enterprise, there seems to be no reason why we cannot mount still higher. Banking facilities are ample. The people have an excellent opinion of American goods, and the market is prepared for them.

THE PLAN of establishing commercial museums in the trade centres of various countries, such as Austria, France, and Germany have done, might be adopted, it would seem, by the United States, to the great advantage of our manufactures. Even Mexico, our neighbor on the south, is ahead of us in this line of commercial enterprise. Through the efforts of the Mexican consul at Liverpool, England, an exposition of the products of Mexico is about to be inaugurated at that place. The governors of the several Mexican states have been requested to forward samples of the principal productions of their respective sections. Precious woods, fibres, cereals, vanilla beans, coffee, sugar, etc., are to be sent at once to the consulate at Liverpool. The Mexican exposition at Milan, Italy, is in complete working order. Its large and commodious rooms are visited daily by merchants and manufacturers, who thus come in direct communication with Mexican producers. It seems strange that a method of expanding trade with so many obvious advantages should not be taken up by our own government. Our new Department of Commerce and Labor might well devote some of its energies to work of this kind.

A RENEWED interest in cotton-growing is now manifest in the republic of Paraguay, South America, and the Agricultural Bank, at Asuncion, which is a government institution established to encourage agriculture, has asked our consul, Mr. Ruffin, in that city, to obtain prices and catalogues for cotton-gins, presses, tires, baling, etc., delivered in New York or Buenos Ayres. Mr. Ruffin says he would be glad if manufacturers of those articles would send immediately their prices, etc., and any other information, such as the most profitable manner of cultivating the cotton and preparing it for the market. It is desired to obtain machinery that can be worked by animal power; also, if possible, to have machines, that can be transported from different points, for the purpose of collecting and preparing the cotton. The planters also wish to obtain the names of the chief dealers in American cotton seeds, for the purpose of making purchases.

THE DEPARTMENT of State received from the Austro-Hungarian embassy at Washington, July 9th, 1903, copies of specifications and plans, in German (which may be seen at that department), for a ship-lifting device on the Danube-March-Oder Ship Canal, for which competitive prizes of 100,000, 75,000, and 50,000 crowns (\$20,300, \$15,225, and \$10,150) have been offered by the Austrian minister of commerce.

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"DID you hear the shot fired?" inquired the lawyer of the peppery female witness.

"You told me," replied the witness, "that you didn't want any hearsay evidence."

"Answer my question, madam!" roared the lawyer. "Did you hear the shot fired?"

"I heard the gun fired," said the witness, "if that's what you want to know."

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Those who are not personally acquainted with me are entitled to proof that I am a man of my word, so I give you that chance by letting you test my cigars.

I can't take my cigars in person to smokers and urge a free trial, but I do the next best thing—send a hundred by express, prepaid, and without any advance payment whatever.

I am all the time hearing from new people who want to try my cigars. The result has been that during the past two and a half years I have been compelled to move three times, always into larger quarters. I am pleased, of course, but am out for still larger business. Thousands of smokers have become regular patrons of mine, but there are hundreds of other thousands who have not yet accepted my offer.

More than 60 per cent. of all the cigars that I send out go to people who have bought of me before. Men are free to do as they choose, so I do not need to suggest the reason why they send in re-orders.

My claim is—that the equal of my Shivers Panetela Cigar is not retailed for less than 10c., and that no other cigar in the world is sold to the consumer at a price so near the actual cost of manufacture. I guarantee that the filler of these cigars is clear, clean, long Havana, and that the wrappers are genuine Sumatra.



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I will, upon request, send to a reader of Leslie's Weekly one hundred Shivers' Panetela Cigars, express prepaid, on approval. He may smoke ten and return the other ninety at my expense, if he is not pleased. If he is satisfied and keeps the cigars, he agrees to remit the price for them (\$5) within ten days. I simply want to give the cigars a chance to sell themselves.

In ordering, please use business letter-head, or inclose business card, and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired.

Write me if you smoke.

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"EXPORT," a German trade paper, in a recent issue, notes the following articles as being very likely to find a good market in Colombia: Beer, hops, drugs, chemicals, condensed milk, conserves, colors and coloring material, silks and half-silks, body linens, wool and half-woolen goods, cotton goods, linen goods, gentlemen's clothing, laces, stockings, fine furniture, paper, paper ware, glassware, porcelain ware, stoneware and pottery, ironware, musical instruments, matches, etc.

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